MY BROTHER STEVE, BY WILLIAM ROSE BENE

The Saturday Review of Literature

N 15 '41
TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

VOL. XXIV No. 30 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1941 FIFTEEN CENTS

"THE OPINIONS OF OLIVER ALLSTON"
By Van Wyck Brooks
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

"THE DUST WHICH IS GOD"
By William Rose Benét
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

"INSIDE LATIN AMERICA"
By John Gunther
Reviewed by Katherine Rodell

THE PERSISTENCE OF THE DEMOCRATIC IDEA
By Irwin Edman

"BOTANY BAY"
By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall
Reviewed by Phil Stong

"THE EMPTY ROOM"
By Charles Morgan
Reviewed by Millen Brand

"WINDSWEPT"
By Mary Ellen Chase
Reviewed by Bess Jones

VAN WYCK BROOKS, author of "The Opinions of Oliver Allston." "Into these crowded pages . . . Mr. Brooks pours his own reflections . . . his own quotations from wide reading." *(See page 5)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NOVEL OF 1941!

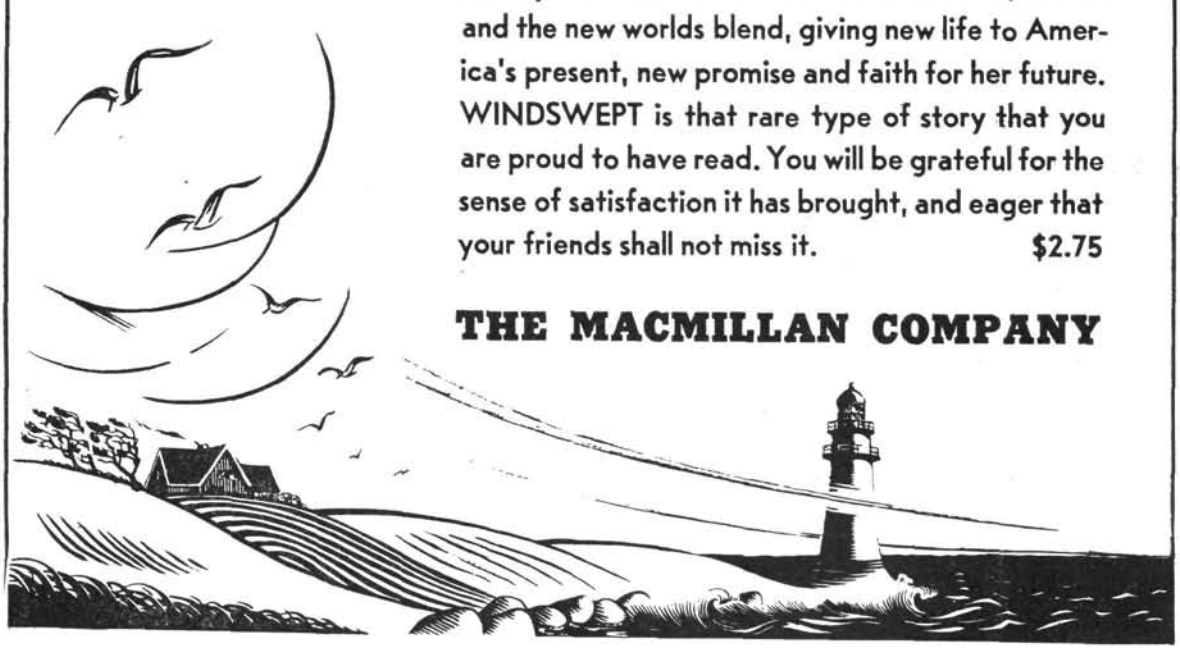
MARY ELLEN CHASE'S

Greatest Achievement

WINDSWEPT

In this superb novel of a family and a house on the Maine coast, Miss Chase portrays the past and present of America. She shows the fresh gifts of the newcomers and the solid contributions of the older pioneer stock. Here at WINDSWEPT, the old and the new worlds blend, giving new life to America's present, new promise and faith for her future. WINDSWEPT is that rare type of story that you are proud to have read. You will be grateful for the sense of satisfaction it has brought, and eager that your friends shall not miss it. $2.75

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

My Brother Steve

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ALTHOUGH I am twelve years older than the subject of this sketch, the above title seems to me almost too flippant. It refers to a man who is one of the best writers of our time, a man I esteem too highly to treat lightly or sentimentally. We are, of course, brothers—but perhaps the difference in our ages accounts for the fact that we have never clashed as some brothers do. Or perhaps it is the similarity of our tastes. I think there is something more too. And it is good to see a man you esteem carrying the battle. The life of a writer is a constant fight for his integrity, for his best and most honest expression. The more successful one becomes, the more pitfalls present themselves, the more false lures attract. I have watched my brother become a first-rate writing man, support a wife and three children, and at the same time save his own soul. Nor has he ever shirked a real assignment.

Those who are called "poets" are of as great variety as any other type of mankind. They emerge from every walk of life. An orphan of a Finsbury hostler whose name chanced to be John Keats—a scion of the moneyed English squirearchy named Percy Bysshe Shelley. Stephen Vincent Benét's forebears happened to have been largely graduates of the West Point Military Academy, including a great-grandfather, William Rose, on his Mother's side. Our Benét grandfather was of Spanish descent, from Catalonia by way of the Balearics. He was Stephen Vincent Anastasius originally, the two middle names being Catholic Saints' names. Both he and my Father, who was a Kentuckian on his mother's side, had keen senses of humor and a love of literature. Steve was, of course, named for the Grandfather, who wrote Army texts and translated admirably. A few years ago, James Thurber, the humorist, presented me with an old book in the back of which was advertised (Redfield, Nassau St., New York, 1855) "The Political and Military History of the Campaign of Waterloo from the French of Gen. Baron Jomini, by Lieut. S. V. Benét, U. S. Ordnance, with a Map, 12, cloth, 75 cents." What wonder that his grandson, through an early study of my father's old Rebellion Records and "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," became profoundly interested in American military campaigns! As for my father, he had a genuine love for the best in English poetry and was never in the slightest degree ashamed of it. He would, in fact, at the drop of a hat, discuss the more abstruse bards, like Chivers and Beddoes, with a Major-General or a startled Bishop. He read poetry aloud in the bosom of his family. He acquainted us with the best, and aroused our interest in how it was constructed. He was a connoisseur, and collector of the worst, also—what he called "Minus Poetry!" His reading voice could crinkle your backbone, and made you astonishedly aware of nobility and heroism—a valuable inoculation.

Steve was born in July of the year of the Spanish War, 1898. My Father was superintending a Government contract at the then Bethlehem Iron Works in Pennsylvania. My sister and I returned from a visit to my Grandmother's in the Cumberland Valley, to find in a rented house on Fountain Hill, South Bethlehem, a new and extremely young member of our family, with a bright red complexion and a penetrating voice. We were not sure that this new acquisition was altogether a good idea. But he clenched his fists and evinced a fighting spirit.

When we moved to Buffalo, N. Y., where his elder brother joined a gang of boys who smoked cubebs and read nickel libraries in a backyard shanty, Steve chiefly distinguished himself by throwing blankets and anything else graspable out of his baby-carriage as he was wheeled along the street, to an accompaniment of cooing noises from the housewives he encountered—for at this period he was quite a personable infant, who, however, chewed cap-strings indignantly and wore his bonnet at a rakish angle. His demeanor was, I am sorry to report, that of a dictator. Later still, at Watervliet Arsenal, between Albany and Troy, N. Y., he developed golden curls (though hardly a Lord Fauntleroy!) and a rasping Cockney accent through association with an English nurse. He was everybody's favorite—even as was Booth Tarkington at a tender age. His nickname was "Tibbie." This his elder brother adopted, with the Latin spelling of "Tibi," as a pseudonym for sundry writings in his school paper. But, later on, Steve squared matters by adopting a poetical epithet of mine in a certain poem of his. He even admits it!

The earliest instance I recall of Steve's desire to communicate an interest in literature occurred when he was still quite small. He was discovered by my mother seated on the nursery floor with a book upside-down in his lap, reading aloud, although he had not yet

This drawing of Stephen Vincent Benét at the age of ten is the work of his brother, William Rose, then 22.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

learned to read. He was reading aloud to a mouse—or so he informed her. Unfortunately the mouse protruded from an ordinary mouse-trap—and was quite dead.

Army officers never stay long in the same place, so that by the time the boy was of school age, he was living in California, at another Ordnance Arsenal, this time near the town of Benicia which once in years far past just missed being the capital of the State. Here, I remember, Steve possessed a gray donkey, though I have forgotten the donkey's name. The donkey was hitched to a two-wheeled cart, and almost as soon as anyone climbed into the cart, the donkey lay down in the road. The obstructionist aspect of life was thus vividly presented to my brother at an early age. It was quite impossible to move the donkey.

Steve also possessed a curly brown dog named Prince. Prince usually had something the matter with his ear. I have before me as I write a pencil drawing I made of that dog in his more familiar aspect, that is, sound asleep. And I have a drawing I made at the same time of a small boy in a dark blue sailor suit, sitting in a Chinese wicker chair. His curls have vanished. His short hair falls straight over his forehead. He wears rimless glasses. Constant reading in any dim corner, usually with the feet elevated high above the head, had already taken toll of his eyesight. He developed then a chronic nearsightedness, today only excelled by that of the novelist, John Dos Passos. In my drawing, his hands grasp firmly the arms of the chair, and his attitude suggests the supreme court about to come to a decision. He looks a very little like the youthful Kipling when the latter was known as "Beetle."

The dog Prince was his constant companion, and was defended—or would have been—to the death against the constant scorn and criticism of a sweet little elderly Aunt of ours who lived with us. She was otherwise as good as gold. Steve was then eight years old, and he denied hotly that Prince had any trace of smell.

Like many a man who has lived to accomplish a great deal (notably the late Theodore Roosevelt) Steve's early constitution was not of the most robust. Consequently, he did not go in very heavily for games, and began to lead an interior life of the mind. At the same time, his taste in books was catholic enough. He easily descended to "Peck's Bad Boy" and an American humorist with the peculiar typographical pseudonym of "M. Quad." He still contends to this day that the incident where Peck's bad boy fed his father white rubber hose for spaghetti revealed a remarkable power of invention on the part of the author. He read Lang, "E. Nesbit," dozens of Henty books (like thousands of other boys), Dumas—and from Howard Pyle's "Men of Iron" and some of William Morris's poetry and prose, he began to gain an idea of how the past could be presented in terms of realistic detail.

At about the age of ten he was sent to the Hitchcock Military Academy in California, where one boy he remembers was the son of the famous early French flier, Moisant. Neither boy, I think, cared for that school. Like so many writers in youth, Steve was bullied a good deal, schoolboy misery preserved for us in such poems from his second book, "Young Adventure," as "Going Back to School" and the sympathetic poem about Shelley at Eton. Not that my brother was a self-pitier. He took what was coming to him from the Nazi-minded of that day, and licked his wounds in secret. He came to know that life was not exactly that of a knight in the days of chivalry, and began to develop the protective integument we all have to assume.

So far as literary taste was concerned, he had already perceived the difference between a work like "The Haystack in the Floods" and such tripe as "The Helmet of Navarre." And then, in our family, you soon saw the necessity for a sense of humor. My father could tease more expertly than anyone I have ever known. He could be merciless if he thought he perceived a joint in your armor. This went along with a great companionableness and kindness. But it was always there, and kept one upon the alert. He now developed a liking for controversy with a small boy, who (thought my sister and myself, now both in college) was allowed many more privileges than had attended our own early years. It was quite usual to observe Steve reclining upon the back of his neck in a certain large familiar leather armchair, drawling his "Maybe so, but—" to some argument of my father's who sat across from him beyond the book-laden table. What was being argued was, I feel certain, either Socialism or sundry campaigns of Grant or Lee. At this time my brother discovered the old Rebellion Records and the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" in the family book-cases.

There were early stories then, composed while the author absorbed some horrifying concoction of a strange and lurid color which he got together in the kitchen from God knows what ingredients! One story was called "The Butcher's Bill," and, for so humdrum a title, was short, crisp, and startling. There were some rather violent poems too—one beginning,

I have been on the old tramp steamer

(*Continued on page 22*)

THIS WEEK

Articles

PAGE

MY BROTHER STEVE
By William Rose Benét 3

THE PERSISTENCE OF THE DEMOCRATIC IDEA
By Irwin Edman 14

CHILDREN'S BOOKS
By Fay Gillis Wells 21

Reviews

OPINIONS OF OLIVER ALLSTON
By Van Wyck Brooks
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones .. 5

THE DUST WHICH IS GOD
By William Rose Benét
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman 6

INSIDE LATIN AMERICA
By John Gunther
Reviewed by Katherine Rodell 7

BOTANY BAY
By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall
Reviewed by Phil Stong 10

THE YOUNG AND THE IMMORTAL
By Isabel Currier
Reviewed by Currie Cabot 10

THE EMPTY ROOM
By Charles Morgan
Reviewed by Millen Brand 10

THE HEART OF ANOTHER
By Martha Gellhorn
Reviewed by Nym Wales 11

WINDSWEPT
By Mary Ellen Chase
Reviewed by Bess Jones 12

THE CENTURY WAS YOUNG
By Louis Aragon
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts 12

SOPHIA
By St. John Ervine
Reviewed by Rebecca Lowrie 13

VAGABOND PATH
By James Gray
Reviewed by Clyde Beck 13

ALFRED I. DUPONT, THE FAMILY REBEL
By Marquis James
Reviewed by Henry F. Pringle 16

DEMOCRACY MARCHES
By Julian S. Huxley
Reviewed by Frank Kingdon 17

GOLDEN YESTERDAYS
By Margaret Deland
Reviewed by M. A. DeWolfe Howe 18

Departments

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 7
EDITORIAL 8
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 9
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 24
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 399 27
TRADE WINDS 28

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President and Treasurer; George Dilkes, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Frank E. Taylor, Advertising Manager. Subscription, $4 a year; $5 in Canada and other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXIV, No. 30, November 15, 1941. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Opinions of Van Wyck Brooks

OPINIONS OF OLIVER ALLSTON. By Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1941. 309 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

"OPINIONS OF OLIVER ALLSTON" may be described either as a dialogue at one remove or as a monologue interrupted by commentary. I call it a dialogue at one remove because there is no actual speech in the book. Instead, Mr. Brooks sets up an *alter ego,* a transparent double named Oliver Allston, whose notebooks he quotes or whose opinions he summarizes. The method of using this double is, if one likes, a gigantic expansion of the two voices technique which served Tennyson in several philosophic poems; or one may prefer to compare the formula to the famous paper bags from which Carlyle educed the opinions of Teufelsdroeckh in "Sartor Resartus." Better, still (though the author would blush at the presumption), here is a modern analogue to Goethe's conversations with Eckermann, albeit Mr. Brooks is both interlocutor and respondent. One deliberately goes back to the nineteenth century for comparisons because "Opinions of Oliver Allston" is a "wisdom" book after the healthy fashion of the Victorian age. It is a kind of book all too rare in the twentieth century when, if one has opinions, it is assumed that they must be political or economic. Mr. Brooks, however, has opinions (or Allston for him) on life and literature; and these are set forth in essay chapters which, because of their largeness of utterance, their sagacity, their fearless citation of unfashionable standard authors, are at deliberate war with many recent trends.

The movement is in general from the personal to the philosophic. Mr. Brooks begins with a cluster of chapters in which Oliver's habits and traits as a writer are described with charm and humor. He proceeds to discuss human nature, especially human nature in the United States; moves on to indicate that for him the future lies with socialism but not with communism; and comes finally to the examination of literary criticism, literary fashion, regionalism, nationalism, and literary style. Should the reader be irritated by the intrusion of the ghostly Allston, let him reflect that this invention enables Mr. Brooks to hold his own ideas at a certain psychic distance.

To this general observation one regrettable exception must be made. In the chapters discussing literary coteries and certain kinds of living critics, the voice of Allston is indistinguishable from that of Mr. Brooks; and since Allston then becomes a mere duplicate of his creator, he is in the way. He is in the way because Mr. Brooks's disgust with the futility and wrongheadedness of Eliot, Ransome, Yvor Winters, Blackmur, Pound, and others calls him to a crusade. I happen to sympathize with the crusade, but Mr. Brooks loses serenity in proportion as Allston grows more wraithlike, he becomes waspish and shrill, style deteriorates, and contentiousness appears. This is unfortunate for several reasons, one being that it is Mr. Brooks's chief lapse from his own excellent standard of style.

"I like," he writes, "a style that never calls attention to itself." Because the style of the chapters in question violates this preference, the falling off is more notable.

"Opinions of Oliver Allston" may be read in two ways. It may be looked upon as a book to read in, rather than a book to read through. Into these crowded pages, which have both texture and solidity, Mr. Brooks pours his own reflections, his own notebooks (which he keeps in the grand manner of Emerson and Thoreau), his own quotations from wide reading. As a collection of "thoughts" it is filled with provocative judgments. I quote at random, for example, this striking observation:

> Too many intelligent Americans are half-consciously in reaction all the time against the narrow conditions of their childhood, a fact that also explains the small-minded bitterness of many American novels. *Good writers and good talkers take it for granted that they are living on Mount Olympus.*

The first sentence contains a judgment which others have made. The sentence I have italicized, however, is a judgment which only Mr. Brooks has made, one which supplies the other half of the equation, one which lifts the whole problem into the realm of general truths where it belongs. It is an index of our superficial judgment on books that few readers are likely to comprehend Mr. Brooks's penetration on this point.

Or "Opinions of Oliver Allston" may be regarded as a vast literary confession, an apology (in the Latin sense) for the career and opinions of Van Wyck Brooks. That career is too well known to require summary here. Viewed as an *apologia,* the volume is an important exercise in literary criticism, since it not only discusses literary men, it also proposes a theory of literary greatness. Mr. Brooks is compelled to use the word "great," shopworn as it is, because we have no other word. The heart of his position, the values which he wishes to protect and extend, the citadel from which he goes forth on his crusade is, I take it, found in the following passages:

> That a great writer is a great man writing, not a mere artificer or master of words,—was not this the fact that our time had forgotten? And what, by the common report of humanity, is a great man writing? One who embodies something great, something that enriches life, something that enhances life, something that makes it higher or wider or deeper. A great man writing is one who bespeaks the collective life of the people of his group, of his nation, of all mankind. The greatest are those who speak for all mankind; and every great man writing knows what men and women are and what they have it in them to become,—through him humanity breathes and thinks and sings.
>
> That literature was a transmission of feeling which the writer had experienced, that it united humanity by transmitting this feeling, that it was a means of union, joining men together for the "progress towards well being" of mankind, such was Tolstoy's view,—and who could deny it? It transmitted the highest and best feelings to which men have risen, and it rendered accessible to men of later times all that had been experienced by their best and foremost predecessors.

Allston notes with regret that "the emphasis of modern criticism" has been wholly on "form," that modern criticism has ignored greater writers of the past in favor of lesser or more eccentric men, that it has become technological and bizarre.

> To think of literature as merely literary, as something that was derived from literature, struck Allston as utterly frivolous. He certainly enoyed, no one more so, the play of the critical mind; but not to see vital necessity as the governing law of literature seemed to him the utmost of critical blindness.

In previous articles I have spoken of the lack of general ideas as the chief weakness of American literary criticism. On the one hand, those who are interested in ideas sacrifice the autonomy of literature by regarding literature as valuable only as it propagandizes opinions; on the other hand, those who claim to be interested in the autonomy of literature refuse to enrich living letters by criticism because they refuse to come to grips with

(*Continued on page* 20)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Monument in Verse

THE DUST WHICH IS GOD. By William Rose Benét. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1941. 559 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

LET it be said at once that any brief review of "The Dust Which Is God" must be unhappily inadequate, for this book, which flowers from one of the most ambitious literary exertions of our day, is a poem five hundred and fifty pages long, with each full page carrying forty lines of verse. It is also the autobiography of William Rose Benét (his publishers call it a "semi-autobiography," but, clinging as it does strictly to truth save for a few negligible details, it is one of the frankest personal revelations that literature has known) and the poet's life has been singularly full. Mr. Benét has further complicated the reviewer's task, and public discussion, by writing his "first person singular" story as the story of "Raymond Fernandez," and by giving fictitious names to all the other real characters (and real books and magazines) of his true tale. In a note that may be useful to posterity, and with reservations, he identifies one of these characters with Elinor Wylie, but the many others he has left protected by names that are scarcely deceiving masks. So let us simplify discussion by accepting the transparent fiction. Let us consider this book as the autobiography of Raymond Fernandez. The key of this *roman à clef* is already in the hands of all those to whom a key should matter.

First, then, in what medium has the poet spoken? Variety has been his aim, not smooth monotony. A flexible, often rough blank verse carries the bulk of the narrative, but, as mood and matter demand, this swings into rhyme or breaks into free and choppy lines, or rises to intense, dramatic utterance; and often the narrative's flow is, not halted, but suspended and interpreted, by lyrics instinct with deepest feeling and formally perfect. The lightest of light verse, puns, satire, parody, rollicking ballad, "free association" verse, along with lovely fragments and twisted rags-and-tags of older poetry—all these are made to serve the writer's purpose. He is not, of course, equally successful at all times. Passages of plain or slightly distorted prose are cut to convenient lengths. Other lax passages serve merely to carry writer and reader past a given point. Diction, at times, is lamentable. And, when the poet deals with the great world rather than his private world—with history in the making—old headlines and stereotypes often do duty for fresh thought. But, whatever the lapses, true poetry is always just over the page, or, at worst, the one beyond.

And what is the story of Raymond Fernandez? It is, as it is written here, that of a great lover, in the full honorific meaning of the phrase. Loving poetry all his life, his many other loves have made the poet. The poet has given greatly and received greatly. Father, mother, wives, sister, brother, children—these have been his life and the very substance of his art. For a poem written by one brother to another to match "Mine was a tourney in another town," you will have to look back centuries. To match the verses written by this father to his son, I would not know where to look. And there is the poet's final speaking of his mother. But it is Raymond's three marriages that loom large in his autobiography, and it is one marriage that, above all else, makes "The Dust Which Is God's" the poetic work that it is.

(Let me introduce in evidence a few exhibits, examples of the best. And mark them down for reference—the passages beginning: "beautiful are thy works and ways," p. 41; "Because the clustered stars," p. 66; "Only the hand," p. 101; "'My heart is like a cup,'" p. 126; "there is a household god," p. 131; "a man and woman," p. 142; "yet the dread steady tread," p. 151; "This kind is beautiful," p. 279; "Mine was a tourney in another town," p. 287; "emerging up the stairs," p. 289; "You are all about me now," p. 293; "then it was as it seemed to him the shaft," p. 296; "She stood slender and still," p. 299; "What did your body say to mine," p. 301; "This is known between us," p. 380; "I have sought other faces," p. 400; "So each to each subconsciously became," p. 441; "Your loyalty's to a vision," p. 482; "She so loved life," p. 544; "It is not the old days," p. 549; "we know these things," p. 558.)

William Rose Benét

Raymond, had he needed to borrow, might have written that he loved his first wife, Nora, with a love he seemed to lose with his lost saints; and, too, loved her to the level of everyday's most quiet need. To his third wife, Leila, he came almost as a walking dead man, with small hope of resurrection. Yet she, lively realist and desirable woman, could give what he needed for the time.

But Sylvia? His loving of Sylvia Chantry was all a wonder, and an enduring wonder:

> This kind is beautiful
> and marvellous unto the sons of men
> with mortal yearnings in the immortal blood
> but strange aloofness cataclysmic dismay
> and the black heart of bitterness singing anon
> like a child running through sunlight by what sign
> awiddershin or cantrip kisses seven
> to bind the angel kind? You ask of them
> goodness What is your goodness? What do you know
> of where they have been? Ask of them constancy
> but they are constant to their burning core
> and the single purpose of their transient stay
> And if you say that you do not believe
> there are such creatures and in the very guise of women
> you do believe it least 'tis very plain
> what bounds your world has

Raymond's and Sylvia's story is not to be paraphrased by a reviewer: it is now written, plain with all its complexities, beautifully, never to be forgotten by any reader, as only one could write it. Sylvia's "four fertile years," and the working of her "diligent genius while she fought physical ills and blinding headaches grown constant as Keatsian sorrow," have long since made her sure of an enduring life. But now she will live through Raymond's as well as her own words, and not only as a name attached to "virtuous verbal music," but with the physical aspects that those who knew her knew.

An inadequate review of this book was promised, and has been written. Little has been told here of Raymond's life, of his growth, his thinking, his response to history lived through, his final faith and affirmation. Nora, surely, has been scanted; and a brother and a son. But I think the heart of the book has been touched, and glimpses of its poetry shown. The reader, of today or tomorrow, will pare and strip "The Dust Which Is God" to his own liking; but, however it is stripped, poetry will be found in all its veins and at the heart. And at the heart, too, will be found Sylvia Chantry.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Inside": No. 5

INSIDE LATIN AMERICA. By John Gunther. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1941. 498 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by KATHERINE RODELL

THANK all the Inca and the Aztec gods, this is a good book! Not only because good books on Latin America are distressingly rare, but because this is the one that everybody is going to read. And my relief and pleasure that it is a fine job do not come from any prior doubts as to Mr. Gunther's ability, but rather from my conviction that a wide popular understanding of Latin America is of incalculable importance to us.

Nobody needs to be told that Mr. Gunther is a superb reporter, but if dramatic proof were needed it lies in a comparison of his book with any of the recent products of the Pan-America-via-Pan-American-Airways school. While many of his observations seem rudimentary (he was particularly struck, for example, with the "differentness" of the twenty republics) they are none the less necessary to give a proper perspective to what is essentially an introduction to Latin America.

The title, however, is something of a misnomer, for the book does not show the "inside" of Latin America, but gives instead a brilliant and panoramic view of the surface—of physical characteristics, picturesque highlights, political configurations, obvious economic problems. It does not delve into the "why" of any of these things. For example, while Mr. Gunther correctly reports that throughout Latin America there are large landholders, that the Catholic Church is enormously powerful, that there is an appalling amount of poverty and illiteracy, he does not make the connection between the first two facts and the last. Again, he recites the well-known if sometimes unsavory record of our imperialism and interventions, but he ignores the immense but sub-surface influence that the United States investments and United States corporations have exerted on Latin American history.

While there are minor errors of fact, I found only two misstatements worthy of mention. One is Mr. Gunther's remark that "there are no huge individual landowners in Brazil like the estancieros of Argentina." The excellent Royal Institute study of South America, which Mr. Gunther quotes elsewhere in his book, has this to say: "There are estates in Brazil which are larger than England." The other, of importance primarily to readers aged twelve, is the placing of Robinson Crusoe's island in the Caribbean. Actually it is off the coast of Chile.

There is, however, an essential defeatism in Mr. Gunther's feeling about United States relations with Latin America which I sincerely hope his many readers will not absorb. It derives, I believe, from the fact that Mr. Gunther, in his desire to see Hitler stopped in Europe, tends to regard the problem of Latin America not only as of secondary importance but as directly dependent on the outcome of military events abroad. "If Germany should win the war hands down," he writes, "all Latin America except the Caribbean area might well be lost to the United States." I think this is not only defeatist, but false and dangerous as well. Latin America is far too essential to our security to be regarded as secondary to anything else. If Hitler is destroyed, the immediate danger of hostile penetration in Latin America will indeed be ended; but the potential danger will continue to exist until and unless we can bind all of Latin America so firmly to us with the ties of trade that the Latin American nations are overwhelmingly convinced that their future well-being lies with us and only with us. If the Latin Americans were convinced today that our sudden wooing of them, with its resultant trade benefits to them, is not a temporary measure brought on solely by this emergency, but instead part of a long-term policy which we were determined to continue at any cost, we would undoubtedly be encountering less difficulty in getting the military and naval bases that Mr. Gunther rightly sees as vital to us.

John Gunther

Mr. Gunther ends his book with the statement that "We need Latin America just as much as it needs us." I would go farther, and say that we need Latin America far more than it needs us; that until we are just as aware of that fact as our shrewd southern neighbors are aware of it, we are not likely to make much solid progress in our relations with them; and that those relations should be the primary concern of our foreign policy, instead of being a State Department stepchild.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

TEN SLEEPY PEOPLE

"Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing, beloved from pole to pole!" exclaimed the Ancient Mariner. And here are ten characters whose association with Morpheus is notorious. Do you remember them? Allowing 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 if you can recall the name of the author who created them, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 12.

1. So potent was the liquor he drank at an outdoor bowling party that he passed out for twenty years.
2. Except when he was eating, this fat boy was always sleeping, much to the disgust of Mr. Wardle, the stout gentleman who employed him.
3. To help her avoid a bigamous marriage with her cousin, a friar gave this 13-year-old bride a sleeping potion that would counterfeit death for 42 hours.
4. In her fifteenth year this princess pricked her finger on a spindle and, as prophesied by an angry fairy, fell asleep for 100 years.
5. His peaceful slumbers were interrupted by the Recording Angel.
6. After getting drunk and going to sleep in a field, this tinker woke up in the bedroom of a lord, surrounded by servants.
7. Because she interfered in her father's business, this goddess was changed into a mortal and condemned to sleep on a mountain top within a ring of fire.
8. In 1887 this young Bostonian was put into a hypnotic sleep from which he emerged in the year 2000 to find the world considerably changed.
9. This guest at a tea party stayed awake long enough to begin telling a story but fell asleep again before it was ended.
10. He slept by the roadside while Fortune (in the guise of a wealthy and childless old couple), Love (in the form of the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant), and Death (represented by two murderous robbers) passed him by.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
EDITORIAL BOARD
Henry Seidel Canby Amy Loveman
Harrison Smith
Norman Cousins
Executive Editor
William Rose Benét } *Contributing*
Elmer Davis } *Editors*
Harrison Smith
Publisher
Copyright, 1941, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

THE MARCH OF THE PREROGATIVES

THE P.E.N., the non-political international writers' organization, is having some political troubles of its own. At a dinner meeting last week in New York, the controversy emerged in its full dimensions as a jurisdictional dispute involving the American branch, whose president is Robert Nathan; the European P.E.N. clubs, under their various presidents; and the newly formed European P.E.N. in America, whose president is Jules Romains.

Both the American and European centers have joined in criticizing M. Romains's group, declaring in effect that he is heading an outlaw unit. They claim that the organizational procedure of the new branch was irregular and that it has not operated under the jurisdiction of the already-existing American Center, as it was apparently supposed to do. But this by no means exhausts the differences. The European P.E.N. Centers resent M. Romains's statement, made publicly at the organizational dinner of his group, that the cultural center of the world has shifted to America and that Europe would have to look westward for literary leadership, thereby by inference relegating the old Centers, supposedly, to secondary importance. (As if cultural leadership could be obtained or retained by argument!) Another count against M. Romains grows out of his recent book, "The Seven Mysteries of Europe," in which the author is cast in the role of confidant and adviser to rulers, potentates, and presidents. Concerning this count, the feeling has been expressed by officers and various members of the old P.E.N. Centers that not only did M. Romains turn his back on his craft, but that his opinions and actions, as expressed and described in his book, were seriously open to criticism—to say the least. All in all, M. Romains, who only a short time ago was International President of the P.E.N., seems to have become rather generously *persona non grata*.

We do not propose here to take up any cudgels, or even to attempt to pass upon the merits of the case. Rather it is the demerits that concern us—demerits having nothing to do with the dispute *per se*. There is something surprising and disappointing about a group of adult writers spending so much time and energy today in small talk and in quibbling over an issue which, placed alongside the real, the living issues facing all people and writers especially, is like a speck of lint alongside a bale of cotton. Or—to acclimate the metaphor perhaps—like a drop of water alongside the wave of the future.

At a time when humanity is at wit's end trying to keep the question mark on which the world is now revolving from being hammered into a hooked cross; at a time when we are in a fight whose outcome may determine whether we are to be permitted to write at all, let enough split prerogatives in literary organizations—some of our leading writers' groups are apparently preoccupying themselves with an Alphonse-and-Gaston act in reverse. Whatever the individual members themselves may think about it; however active each of them may be in the front lines where the real issues are being fought, the fact remains that as a group they are putting on a strange and disillusioning exhibition of elaborate inconsequentials before the public—the same public they expect to look to them for a delineation of values.

In defense of the P.E.N., it is certain to be pointed out that the organization is non-political and that it would be stepping out of its character if it should concern itself with world issues and events. Yet even admitting that (though we find it difficult to conceive of any organization, especially a writers' organization—and an international organization at that—remaining politically unperturbed with the world boiling at its feet), the least that can be expected is that they refrain from an unbecoming emphasis upon conspicuous trivia.

What is it about this age—Mars, the Sunspots, or perhaps just Blindspots—that is causing so much of this irritating bickering among ourselves? This is not limited to writers' groups; it cuts through our national life like hot steel. If ever there was a need to subordinate our minor and synthetic differences to our real and major similarities, it is now; and yet we fall to interminable quarreling and needling and elbowing in our own little circles. This is bigger than merely the unpleasantness involved. We are in a struggle for survival against a force that recognizes it as a struggle for survival—even though many of us do not. And it is precisely this weakness of ours, this predisposition or predilection, or whatever it is, for guarding our petty prejudices with our lives, and exposing our backs and our principles to the real enemy, that may be more costly in the long run than mechanized divisions or bomber squadrons. Isn't it bad enough that we seem to be plunging hellbound, without clawing each other on the way?

N. C.

Our Father, Who Art:

By Virginia French

(This lyric is included in the collection "The Hermit Hare and Other Poems," which received the $1,000 *Hopwood award for poetry at the University of Michigan last June.)*

WE will return, O Lord, before the snows,
When autumn winds have hissed our candles out.
Weary and cold, and whimpering on Your name,
We will come back across the withered fields
Of this adventure. Surely You will wait
A season, while we play a summer game
Of strength and valor, flaunting willow swords,
Challenging the drowsy dragon-fly
To duel upon the long, sweet meadow-grass.
And when the wanton locust hours end,
When winter's beast-eyes, in the bitter dark,
Circle our meadow,—Father, then prepare
The hearth for us, the chastened, briefly brave,
Stumbling across the world to claim Your love.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Huxley's New Covenant

SIR:—Mr. Aldous Huxley's contribution to your issue of October 25th will be glad tidings of great joy to most of your readers. Heretofore, I gather from Mr. Huxley's theological writings, salvation has been attainable only by those who were capable of mystical intuition of the Absolute. Since such a gift is rare, by this Law were most men made sinners. Now, however, Brother Huxley preaches a New Covenant under which at least a Grade B gnosis is within the reach of anybody who can learn to hold his neck straight.

A couple of details remain to be cleared up, however, before this evangel can safely be spread among the Gentiles. It appears that both scholastic education and the reading of books are useless "unless the reader is provided with a technique that permits his Self to implement in psycho-physical practise the ideals set forth." Such a doctrine, in these times when national expenditure has led to a demand for reduction of local expenditures, may inspire municipalities to dismiss all their teachers except the relatively few Professors of Cervical Posture; while its probable effect on the book business is all too plain. Surely the new Day of Pentecost had better be postponed till arrangements have been made to find employment in defense industries for all the displaced teachers, authors, publishers, and book-sellers.

Also, if the portrait accompanying the review is an illustration, it would seem extremely difficult for those who hold the head, neck, and trunk in proper relation to engage also in omphaloskepsis, unless they happen to be very fat. It may be that Huxley rejects this time-honored technique for the inducement of transcendent bliss; but if so, he is not the man I think him.

ELMER DAVIS.

New York City.

Misquoting

SIR:—In your issue for October 4th Carl Van Doren, in "Sayings and Sayers," says that "it has often been pointed out that the most familiar quotations are the most likely to be misquoted." They "seem to have acquired lives of their own." But has anyone attempted to explain why in misquoting we all agree on the identical wrong version? Mr. Van Doren gives a few examples of minor errors, but here is a list which I believe in each case represents the popular version, but which is in every case incorrect: "There is nothing new under the sun." "The good die young." "They keep the even tenor of their way." "A poor thing but mine own." "Out of sight, out of mind." "The lion and the lamb shall lie down together." "In a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom." "That state of life unto which it hath pleased God to call us." I am willing to bet a small sum that there are some of your readers who will insist that most of these are correct. Can it be that the popular version is an improvement? Perhaps "even tenor" is better than Grey's "noiseless tenor," and probably the popular contrast of lion and lamb is more forceful than Isaiah's wolf.

WILBUR L. CASWELL.

Yonkers, N. Y.

" . . . Mom, I wish you could see these rough companions you are worrying about. Your loving son, Charley."

"Laurence Hope"

SIR:—Perhaps the "Quizzer Quizzed" who asks in your issue of September 20th—Letters to the Editor—for a check on the real name of Laurence Hope, which was correctly given in the answers to the quiz of August 23rd, will be interested in the following, from the *New York Times'* Review of Books, of September 3, 1916. I quote:

"Laurence Hope" is the pen name of Mrs. Adela Florence Nicolson, who was born at Stoke Bishop, Gloucestershire, England, on April 9, 1865. She was the daughter of Arthur Cory, a Colonel in the East Indian Army, by his wife, Fanny Elizabeth Griffin. She was educated at private schools in England, and afterwards lived with her parents in India. In 1889 she married Colonel, afterward General, Malcolm Hassells Nicolson of the Bengal Army, an expert linguist, and settled at Madras. Her first volume of poems, in which she adopted the name "Laurence Hope," was "The Garden of Kama and other love lyrics from India," published in 1901 . . . General Nicolson, her husband, died on August 7, 1904, and after his death she suffered from mental depression of so acute a nature that she committed suicide by poison on October 4, 1904. She is buried beside her husband in St. Mary's Cemetery, Madras.

JOSEPH GAVIT.

N. Y. State Library, Albany, N. Y.

Mermaid Tavern

SIR:—For some time I have been endeavoring to find some kind of print or reproduction of the Mermaid Tavern, made famous by Shakespeare, Marlowe, and others but so far I have been unsuccessful. I am wondering if one of your readers can help me out.

I would like to have a pen and ink drawing made from such a print and I wish to assure you that I would return the print to the owner promptly.

WILLIAM SEREY POWELL.

830—13th Ave., Huntington, W. Va.

Sherwood Anderson

SIR:—I am preparing a biographical study of Sherwood Anderson. This study has been undertaken with the knowledge and aid of Mrs. Eleanor C. Anderson of New York, Mr. Anderson's widow, and his artist-brother, Mr. Karl Anderson of Westport, Conn.

Information concerning Mr. Anderson and suggestions concerning sources of information are earnestly sought in the interests of completeness and accuracy. Chief of the places where Mr. Anderson is known to have lived are Springfield, Elyria, and Cleveland, Ohio; New Orleans, Louisiana; Chicago, Illinois; and New York City. The list is not exhaustive.

Materials entrusted to me will be given the best of care, and expense of copying and transporting relevant material will be met, if notification is made.

WILLIAM A. SUTTON.

Columbus, O.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nordhoff-Hall . . .

BOTANY BAY. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1941. 374 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THIS new tale of the far places of the Pacific is by no means up to the "Bounty" books, perhaps because no such wealth of contemporary and authoritative detail was obtainable as is found in Sir John Barrow's "The Mutiny and Piratical Seizure of *H.M.S. Bounty*," and certainly because without a good, sturdy, narrative invention, there is not so much drama implicit in the situation as there was in the *Bounty* affair.

The hero is an American Loyalist, driven out of the Colony at the end of the Revolution to await compensation for his deprivations in London. While he is waiting he indulges in a little highway robbery and is hauled off to Newgate. The picture of the prison is good, but of course, it has been done many times, from "The English Rogue" to "Mr. Pickwick," and Fielding and Dickens have rather the best of it.

The American, his partner, a pickpocket and a fence, with a sturdy farm woman, and the daughter of a political prisoner, form a little coterie which is shipped on the first convoy sent to the new penal colony in one of Captain Cook's fairly recent discoveries, New South Wales, Australia. To start the colony, the British, who have advertised themselves widely as colonizers, have picked the very dregs of the English jails, so that the trip around the point of Africa, though brief in the narration, is colorful in the extreme.

The unfitness of the settlers is matched by the unfitness of the land they choose for settling; the convicts quickly learn that no matter what the terms of their sentences the home country chooses to hear nothing more of them; the smallest larceny is punishable by hanging, and attempts to escape by three hundred lashes. Nevertheless, the hero and his companions do escape in a small boat; thirteen and one-half pages are assigned to their voyage of "one thousand leagues," and a Dutch boat picks them up toward the conclusion of this journey.

Returned to England, the hero finds that he has been pardoned by the Crown and awarded ten thousand pounds for his losses in America; he has already married the political prisoner's daughter, after a romance so perfunctory as to be almost intrusive in its few appearances; he pauses to witness the execution of his partner, who has returned to the highway, and then he and his wife go back as landed proprietors to a plantation in the country from which they had escaped.

The whole book is likely to give one an unfavorable impression of English penology, unless it is remembered that Devil's Island has only recently become inoperative through no humanitarian impulse of the French government; that Siberia has been doing business steadily for generations; that Portuguese and Italian practices have both included penal colonies, and that there are probably a few concentration camps in Germany, and road gangs in the United States which have little to learn from Newgate or Botany Bay.

Currier . . .

THE YOUNG AND THE IMMORTAL. By Isabel Currier. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 466 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

THIS thoughtful novel strikes new chords of experience for the average person. It is a Catholic book, and for the Catholic reader doubtless recalls a thousand well-known memories; to the non-Catholic it is extremely illuminating. Catholicism at its best, in its most austere purity, its completest intellectual discipline, is personified in the exquisite figure of the nun, Sister Catherine of Siena.

She is the philosophy teacher in a girl's convent in Canada. It is her influence that shapes the destiny of a gifted and tempestuous pupil, Gretchen MacArthur, who is expelled from the convent, makes an unhappy marriage, and undergoes a long period of stress before she returns finally to the Catholic faith and finds peace.

The theme of the book is perhaps the theme of spiritual discipline, and Sister Catherine of Siena is the symbol of it. Gretchen, with her questionings, and her intellectual arrogance, typifies the post-war generation. It is only after she outgrows her rebellious spirit, and accepts the discipline of religion, that she loses the tormenting demons in her soul. Miss Currier is most successful in her descriptions of convent life; in implications of its other-dimensional quality over and above the bare walls and stone floors and inflexible routine of everyday. The worldly chapters, where Gretchen must sin and make herself miserable in the approved modern way, have less originality.

"The Young and the Immortal" might be called a tract, but it is a most eloquent one, and it has pages of great beauty.

Morgan . . .

THE EMPTY ROOM. By Charles Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 164 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by MILLEN BRAND

THERE have been written lately a number of important novels about England, and some of the most interesting have been written with a degree of American perspective. "The Empty Room," ostensibly about people making a contribution in a warring world, more directly than most says what the feeling of the English-speaking democracies is.

The contribution Morgan's characters are making—the improvement of gunsights or the statutory preparation for peace—is not so important as the awareness growing in them of the need of a changed emotion. That the earth must become alive again. Every good person—and almost all are good under the essential light—asks what is to come of this war, and how we are to go on. "Last time," Morgan writes, "the deep reserves of Victorian prosperity had held together the wreck of the old world. Now, for good or evil, that was gone; there would be no going back—in that sense, no reconstruction." And he says there must be "something new." His novel is the effort to find it. There is the suggestion, too, that in finding it an important instrument will be found for winning the war.

There has been until recently perhaps, in the Western democracies, a too unbounded optimism, an easy belief that humanity is destined to go steadily forward, with its stock of accumulated physical techniques. That leaders and peoples can be counted on to "act right" at the end. But there has always been, like a seed of death, the possibility of retrogression —and it is now that with an approaching final seriousness we see it and know there must be either a "new" future, or an incalculable delay, a long era of suffering, slavery, and human ugliness. And the writer, who is, or should be, like somebody talking with the ordinary people of the world, must express the crisis. Try to give it its real form, so that it can be seen. This is his great task, to see outward through individuals to the living whole, and to give others that sight.

The phase Morgan has chosen for the recognition of crisis is discouragement, separation. Two of his characters, Richard and Mrs. Rydal, find the apparent solution of life in withdrawing, believing that their attachment to other human beings will do more harm than good. Both are persuaded

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

finally that "disillusions" are the proving of love and that they have objectively their right to a place in the close center of life. With this personal assertion of values, the direction is suggested in which we have to move to make strong the unity against human degradation and despair, against "imaginations and powers of evil." That is, I want to believe, the central statement of the book.

But in a book of this brevity, almost every word is important, it is important enough, of course, in any book. And there are shadings in this book,

—SRL etching by Brenson.

Charles Morgan

conscious or not, which detract from its statement. At intervals in the book another book is quoted as a kind of commentary and explanation—and is so quoted in the climactic scene. And the end of the quote is this, "God is with all, with the coarse and dull as with the refined and pure, but he draws them by different means—those by terror, these by love." This statement has a specious eloquence within the scene, but is at variance with the profoundly equalitarian spirit of true Christianity, and with the spirit of democracy itself. None are drawn by terror, all by love.

I mention this because the very unity and joining together of life which is the strength of every real movement against oppression and which this book favors must not be flawed by divisions. Even unconscious or momentary. "The Empty Room," with a dependence on the supernatural, the ghostly, and a quoting of a selective God for its emotional score, defeats to that extent the great main intention. It shows something less than full understanding of the representative human and the mechanics of change. But the main intention stands, and it is sufficiently realized for the book to be honored for it.

Gellhorn . . .

THE HEART OF ANOTHER. By Martha Gellhorn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1941. 267 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NYM WALES

AREN'T Americans who go abroad ever going to tell us about anything but themselves? I picked up this volume of short stories by an intelligent American journalist expecting to get a fresh interpretation of the European scene today. Instead, I found myself half-consciously thinking back more than a decade ago, when we used to read about much the same type of incident in "The Sun Also Rises," "Farewell to Arms," "The Green Hat," and a flood of similar books. The same bright, sophisticated conversations. The same fundamentally provincial, and thoroughly charming, American point of view. The same Europe. And the important thing always how the traveling American reacts to the scene in passing; never the attempt to get inside and lose one's own identity, no matter under what passport the author books his characters en route.

Yet Martha Gellhorn is not a throwback to the twenties. It must be that neither her Europe nor its American observers have changed, in spite of the catacylsm. Or it may be that the deeper and more dramatic strata of events have not claimed her attention. In any case, it is of interest to note that almost nowhere in these stories is there acknowledgment of the basic issues involved in this war. For this reason, the stories have a certain sterility, a certain lack of warm aliveness —much as the American lady journalist, in "Portrait of a Lady," who could not unfreeze in Finland except by seducing a recalcitrant Finnish aviator. Miss Gellhorn does not intentionally evade the dark ugly waters underneath. She merely skates over them, with a bantering scarf in the wind, hoping to avoid a dunking. Taking her own words, from the story "A Sense of Direction":

> Maybe you could not survive a war if you really thought about it, thought about what it meant and who suffered and the dead. Maybe you could only last out a war if you just bumbled through every day, wondering and worrying about small personal things. I slept long before I could follow that idea through and besides I would not have reached any important or useful conclusions.

There is nothing amateur about Miss Gellhorn's short-story method, although this is her first volume. All these nine stories are finished products, by a competent writer. Most of them are so factual that they seem to describe real incidents, instead of demonstrating a fiction talent, and this feeling is intensified by the author's use of the first-person narrative in all but one or two cases. Miss Gellhorn certainly out-Hemingways the master in her treatment of women. She is an extremely keen observer of manner and custom, and the detail in her stories is extraordinarily well-handled. Her style is witty and amusing; brilliant at odd times. And she is not afraid to use the mid-west phrases—"that was all the further he had ever gotten."

Technically, the best short story in the book is "Luigi's House." The subject is slight and not a memorable one, but it is original, and the plot is managed with much skill. As in Somerset Maugham, the story moves with apparent leisurely pointlessness through maddeningly endless detail, until the undercurrent of suspense brings you shock up against a wall. This tale rather spoils the reader for the rest of the book, for you keep expecting a similar carefully-built-up climax. But the others are mostly a series of plotless incidents and anti-climaxes, though always gracefully handled.

"Good Will to Men" has the ingredients of a vital and first-rate story, but it is too superficial and does not quite come off. It is the most interesting subject in the book and shows a good deal of perception. Laid in Paris before its fall, the narrative deals with the fruitless and half-hearted attempt of the inevitable American lady-journalist to secure the release of an anti-Nazi German writer from a concentration camp. It approaches a certain degree of philosophy, and also explains why there is no fire and enthusiasm in Miss Gellhorn's studies of the European scene.

Miss Gellhorn's nine stories have varied locale: Corsica, Cuba, the civil war in Spain, Germany, the Riviera, Paris, and Finland. They take place in the midst of dramatic happenings and the materials were gathered from personal experience and travel; but they are all minor affairs that never reach the heart of any situation, they are surface designs thinly traced, lines without mass or movement, as in the flat unemotional school of modernistic painting and thinking.

Format Award

On the basis of typography and general format, the Trade Book Clinic of the American Institute of Graphic Arts has selected as their November choice "Martha Graham," a book of photographs of dance repertory by Barbara Morgan, published by Duell, Sloan, and Pearce.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chase . . .

WINDSWEPT. By Mary Ellen Chase. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 440 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

A REVIEWER who speaks of "novels of character," "novels of atmosphere," "novels of action," is undoubtedly dated. For most current novelists, apparently preferring to avoid the suspicion of any single intent, refuse to admit the need for any single-minded technical procedure. Miss Chase fortunately can afford a little labeling. Openly inviting the description of her newest book as a "novel of place," she directs all her literary skill toward giving that aim validity. As in her other works, the scene is again Maine, this time on that bleak, yet compelling coast which is admittedly not a land for the gregarious, but which allows life to find its way unhurried and unbullied.

Philip Marston first recognized the quality of the place, but his accidental death left to his son John the congenial task of realizing its promise. The solidity of sound, simple taste gave it foundation. The honest workmanship of Caleb Perkins, a local man of pithy words and cleancut sawing, built the house to stand, and young John's sturdy instinct for the appropriate kept its wide, gracious rooms free of heirlooms, the whatnots and grape-laden sofas that had cluttered up his father's town house. In the course of Miss Chase's easy-gaited chronicle three generations of Marstons, and "Windswept," grew organically together. They could take in their stride and relish, each for its special value, the stranger, the foreigner, the unspoiled native, the orphan, the hungry and restless mind, the different views of God. They could do so because the tone was set in the beginning for them by Philip Marston when, looking over the treeless landscape, he reflected that nothing mean must happen here.

"Windswept" thus becomes a symbol of the kind of life America at its wisest and best can produce—a tolerant, kind, broad, humorous, humane, strong, humble—in short—a civilized life. Everyone in the book is likable, decent, sound. The Bohemians especially, to whom the author gives ample space, reveal not merely their own robust gift for life, but Miss Chase's profound belief in the "foreigner's" enrichment of American life. The Marstons themselves face suffering, separation, war, and death, but never once do they yield to the irrelevant, or falter in their sure conception of their role, their positive attitude toward living.

What happens to this household is told without haste or frenzy. There is plenty of time—time to relish a good Maine anecdote or two, a Bohemian folk-tale or bit of autobiography, an exchange of witty letters between the mildly Chaucerian Mother Radegund and the scholar-squire John Marston. There is time to feel the sharp swish of Maine wind, the delight in the color of the blueberry bush touched by frost, or the rich red abundance of cranberries at picking season.

Mary Ellen Chase

Where there is so much to admire, it is perhaps unkind to complain that Miss Chase has somehow stopped short of a major achievement. High-mindedness and serene acceptance of what comes result in a kind of monotone of gentility. Ugliness slides too easily out of sight. Too much of the drama inherent in any family saga takes place offstage. You long for clash, for rebellion, for downright human cussedness. You come away very proud to have dined among the angels, yet with the teasing, perhaps ignoble wish that a thoroughly nasty little imp had sat next to you at table.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Rip Van Winkle," by Washington Irving.
2. Joe, the Fat Boy, in "Pickwick Papers," by Charles Dickens.
3. Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet," by Shakespeare.
4. Briar-Rose, in "The Sleeping Beauty," by Grimm.
5. "Abou Ben Adhem," by Leigh Hunt.
6. Christopher Sly, in "The Taming of the Shrew," by Shakespeare.
7. Brunhilde, in the "Nibelungen Ring," by Wagner.
8. Julian West, in "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy.
9. The Doormouse, in "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll.
10. "David Swan," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Aragon . . .

THE CENTURY WAS YOUNG. By Louis Aragon. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1941. 575 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

IT is a pity that Mrs. Josephson, whose translation of "Les Voyageurs de l'Imperiale" is always good, should have chosen an English title that suggests a note quite opposite to that struck in Aragon's powerful, sombre, at moments intolerably painful novel. The century, this century, has never been young. Those of us who remember the cynical gaiety with which the young of the nineties prinked along humming "fin de siècle" and praising decadence, did not realize how far into the next century that affection, that disease was to go: and how decadence, playfully charming, no doubt, in the arts, was to stink to heaven when it invaded national and international affairs.

It will be hard for the historian, writing in 2001, to find any "youth," any new movement in the first forty years of this century: all that seemed new he will be more likely to see as the corruption, or decline, of the great movements of romance and naturalism which claim the nineteenth century as their own. Take Louis Aragon as an example. He has been Dadaist, surrealist—those schools are but "faults" in the romantic tradition—and now he is writing admirable novels in which Stendhal, Balzac, Flaubert, or Zola would find nothing to shock them.

This new book is a pitiless portrayal of human stupidity, human corruption, human vanity, and of that astounding toughness which, in itself quite unmoral, may breed a strange nobility. The book opens with the Paris Exposition of 1889, the Eiffel Tower Exposition: it ends in 1914 and the first weeks of war. Pierre Mercadier, a teacher, is walking through the Exposition with his pretty, silly wife, Paulette. Clearly, sometimes by descriptive statement, sometimes by comment, Aragon gives his readers the milieu of these two, their origins: and in that first chapter is implicit the coming drama, whether of character or of incident. Pierre is a ruthlessly honest study of a third-rate man, of a man so ineffective that his weaknesses assume a positive quality. He is bourgeois, and despises the bourgeoisie; but he has no courage for any other way of life. The only risks he takes are characteristic of the culture he distrusts—he plays the stock market. He wishes to live without effort, to avoid positive judgments, to watch—he even keeps aloof from the Dreyfus

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sensation. Suddenly he leaves France and his family, taking with him what is left from his speculations on "Change."

When he returns, years later, an old colleague, a Jew, takes pity on him and gives him work in his school. Once again Pierre evades reality, and finally becomes the idol and the puppet of an old brothelkeeper, whose house he frequents.

With this portrait of Pierre is a whole gallery of others equally brilliant. I think perhaps Louis Aragon has been too generous—the detailed study of Pascal, Pierre's son, turns the book into a diptych rather than one composition. But what a blessing to have a novel which can only be blamed for its generous richness of interest. Louis Aragon has been compared to many other novelists—notably Balzac and Zola: to me his parallels must be sought outside France, though the influence of the later Flaubert is strong at times. In this novel, however, just as in "Les Beaux Quartiers" (Residential Quarter) I am reminded of Dickens and Dostoievsky more than of any other novelists. There is in it the same warm humanity, the same refusal to despise the most despicable, and the same note of warning to the smug and self-satisfied of the world.

Ervine . . .

SOPHIA. By St. John Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 351 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by REBECCA LOWRIE

"THE pain, which had become acute, suddenly ceased, and Sophia . . . gave a gasp of surprise and relief, and died." These are the opening words, and this the startling situation which introduces the reader to Sophia, the wife of Godfrey Alderson, Rector of Great Torping. Sophia is a lovely person, whose vivid thoughts and whose independent vitality have been held in check by her utterly commonplace and selfish husband. She dies alone, and in suffering, because she has not been willing to add the knowledge of her cancer to the other burdens of the shabby rectory. With death she is free. She watches the slatternly maid bring in her tea and discover her body: she sees Godfrey's pathetic and futile grief, and the controlled emotion of Ann, the daughter she loves and who shares her qualities.

While Sophia is drifting around Great Torping, before God assigns her to her place in eternity, she meets other souls, similarly waiting: Sue Somerson, who died just before tea time, "the one meal of the day I really enjoyed" . . . and whose three husbands provide rich reminiscence; the little girl Joyce, who was run over; 'Erbert 'Enery Lloyd George Jones, fresh from his execution for the murder of his wife, Emma. Emma also joins the group and she and 'Erbert talk over their life together. It's all very illuminating to Sophia. It is her father, the Reverend James Considine, a tolerant, gentle, genial old man, whose philosophy points much of Sophia's thinking, and her reunion with him is the happy ending of the novel.

The book is a joy. It takes an outworld situation and makes it simple, human, wisé, and appealing.

Gray . . .

VAGABOND PATH. By James Gray. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 494 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CLYDE BECK

THIS is the history of Michael Fontaine, of St. Paul, Minnesota, from the time he was eight years old in the Palmer House in Chicago to the day when, a lonely man of sixty-four, he returned to Chicago on an errand that was almost as futile as his life had been.

Between those dates winds a pilgrimage over a large part of the habitable globe, for Michael was a rich and talented gentleman who seemed able to go anywhere that struck his fancy. The reader, however, may be excused if he wonders just why it was necessary for Michael to travel so much, since some of his excursions seem to have little or nothing to do with the story, or the onward march of his career.

As a matter of fact this novel, after an opening chapter which is impressive for the solidity and clarity of its setting and characterization, becomes a gilded panorama of the literary life, with Michael Fontaine, precocious author and playwright, dawdling through books, plays, love affairs, and mourning, in Byronic fashion, the fact that he can never write or love as well as he would like to.

Doubtless this is unfair—but the conviction grew upon me as I read that the successive scenes in St. Petersburg, Cerisieux (Normandy), Willemstad (Island of Curaçao) and elsewhere were invented to make room for elegant dialogue, or to give Michael the opportunity for idyllic encounters with the mistress of the moment. It is true that in the scenes with Hilda Erikson (actress, and his one love) there is usually that heart-throb which signifies the real thing in fiction; but most of it is tinsel-talk, and worse still, there is little difference between the mental

James Gray

and verbal capacity of Michael at 16, and his world-weary self at 60.

This indifference to time and change seems to me the keynote of Mr. Gray's difficulties in this novel. People in St. Paul in the nineties talk with the glib and casual finality of Broadway wits today; young men at Harvard in the nineties are indistinguishable from young men at Harvard now, and except for the mention of a high bicycle or a bustle, it would be impossible for anybody to understand that the United States of that era of confidence was different from the United States today.

It is difficult to escape the conviction that Mr. Gray has applied the "costume-piece" method of the current, long historical novel, to what purports to be a credible narrative of our days. In the process his characters are flattened out, and his narrative is sustained only by the appeal that clever and at times brilliant writing always has. One turns the pages not with the tip-toe certainty that great things are about to happen, but with the vague hope that "Paris, 1897" will be as interesting as "Washington, 1892." This means that "Vagabond Path" is not a very good novel.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 398)

T. PARNELL:

ELEGY TO AN OLD BEAUTY

In vain, poor nymph, to please our youthful sight,
You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night.
If truth, in spite of manners, must be told,
Why, really, fifty-five is something old.
. . . . . .
Let time that makes you homely, make you sage.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Persistence of the Democratic Idea

IRWIN EDMAN

EVERY political and moral idea has a history, and its character and power in any period are affected by the past which it inherits. The idea in stable epochs goes relatively unquestioned; it lapses into a cliché. At a time of crisis when the whole way of life connoted by the word is threatened by the powerful surge of a rival system and a competing idea, the cautious and prudent begin to question the stereotypes they have mouthed since childhood and the source of the idea to which they have paid uncritical allegiance. The idea of democracy illustrates these general considerations. Here in America, democracy has long been a word both key and current. It has been vaguely associated in the minds of educated men with Magna Carta, the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence. It has meant a society wherein, ideally at least, all men are equal and all men are free, although in the interest of equality, freedom has often been limited, and in the interest of freedom, in given ways for given groups, equality has been abridged.

Vaguely the man in the street knows that democracy did not originate in America. The man on the campus tells him that some of the elements of the idea came from the French Revolution, some from the English Puritan Revolution of a century earlier, that the thirst for freedom and the hunger for equality go back further still. Their sources can be traced to the Hebrews seeing the justice of God vindicated against the tyrannies of earthly kings, to the Greeks setting an order of freedom under law over against the "barbarian" despots and, in their city-states, devising small communities of shared responsibilities to which the vast societies of modern democracy owe their theme and even their essential form. Medieval and Renaissance times contributed notions and practices which enter into what we now call democracy. Thus the bond between the king and his folk among the Teutonic tribes involved some acknowledged responsibility of the king to rule in justice those he governed. So feudal lords and earthly kings were supposed to govern as earthly agents of divine law, and even the right of revolution was by some, as by John of Salisbury, recognized as a right against an unjust king.

It is clear, of course, that political ideas did not arise in the thin irrelevant air of abstraction. They developed as formulations of the ways in which men lived, or as criticisms of those ways. Hence the "idea" of democracy must be studied and exhibited not only in its characteristic formulations but in its historical habitats. An idea, when it functions as a way of life which men hold dear and for which they will on occasion sacrifice their possessions and their lives, is an ideal. It is an ideal, too, in the sense that institutions are always tentative, approximate, precarious, and confused.

The study of the growth of the democratic idea is then, perforce, a study of the growth of the democratic ideal, the movements to, the recessions from, a way of living together in which each man participates in the common decisions and the common opportunities. At one time or another, special points of conflict and special sources of oppression have led theorists and leaders to accent one phase or another of the idea and the ideal of democracy. It might be a king or a baron, a group of nobles or, latterly, of industrialists who might seem to infringe on the liberty of each or the equality of all. The mechanisms by which freedom might be maintained or equality of opportunity preserved have varied with the complexity, numerical or human, of life in a community. The Greek city-state, more than two thousand years before modern international and mechanical industry and the vast state of modern international life, could define the problems of a shared life in terms simpler

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY·HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY·HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY·HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY·HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY·HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

"Funny"

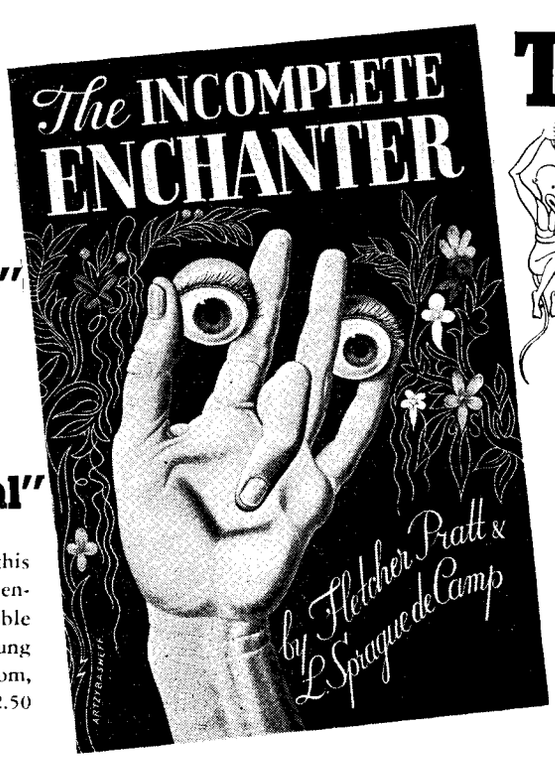
"Delightful"

"Imaginative"

"Grand"

"Wildly original"

—say delighted critics of this hilarious story—the adventures in a couple of possible worlds of a likable young man who escaped boredom, but got bedlam! $2.50



The Incomplete

● "Two new and beautifully cockeyed worlds here . . . A book with its own wild logic, some fighting and a lot of fun. You never met anything exactly like it in your life."—BASIL DAVENPORT, *Saturday Review of Literature.*

● "Entirely delightful."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review.*

● "Very queer, but lively . . . you're going to have fun with the enchantments Mr. Pratt and Mr. De Camp have thought up. Nonsense? That's in how you look at it. You may look at it best by taking a fling at the book."—JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *The San Francisco Chronicle.*

● "An imaginative spree among Gods, giants and trolls, knights, ladies, unicorns, and enchanters, done with zest, charm, and a straight face . . . delightful . . . grand . . . wildly original . . ."—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *Cue.*

● "Uproariously funny and diverting."
—*Fort Wayne News-Sentinel.*

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY·HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY·HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY·HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY·HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY·HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than our own. The New England town meeting, as late as the eighteen thirties, could devise a direct sharing of the political decisions of democracy that is impossible to a nation of millions in a world where political decisions cannot publicly be made by all citizens meeting face to face, and where even general human decisions, the welfare of all, involve expert judgment and delegated responsibility.

Quite apart even from the means and mechanics of democratic government, the ideal itself has varied. Democracy has from the beginning meant the association of free men, but from the beginning, too, there has been variation in the relation of the individual to the state in which men have found freedom to realize themselves. In the nineteenth century, in the English and American traditions, the state guaranteed certain rights and reasonably enforced certain obligations. To the Greeks of the city-state, the line between the state and the individual was impossible to draw, not because it was ambiguous but because it did not exist. Man was, as Aristotle saw, a political animal. He lived, by virtue of his nature, in a city, a *polis*. He lived *in* the state, and only lived fully when he shared in its common concerns. There were to be later periods when, as in the minds of the founders of the American Constitution, it was necessary to protect the individual, to guarantee his "inalienable rights" against the encroachments of a powerful state that might rob him of his liberty as quickly as it might guarantee his security.

Throughout the history of the idea of democracy in its various forms, two themes have remained constant: the theme of freedom and the theme of equality. But these two have been variously defined and idealized. The first, freedom, is in a sense the most abstract of notions and the most impossible of ideals. It is instructive that it should none the less have remained for two thousand years the most kindling of human enthusiasms. It is plain to see why. To be free means to be one's self, and ever since men began to regard themselves as persons, speaking in their own voices, with their own minds, expressive of their own wills, they have jealously cherished liberty from external interference, from the pressure of the conventions, from the arbitrary commands of a despotic few—or a despotic many. Men have wished to be free as birds are, or seem to be free, or as poets singing as their undictated hearts move them to sing.

Freedom, as we have learned to see, is, in that absolute sense, a romantic illusion. Freedom is what it is in practice. No one is free from the conditions of nature.

> . . . two and two are four
> And neither three nor five.

One may be as free as air, but air, too, "obeys" the conditions of wind and wave, and wind and wave in this term are conditioned. From the beginning of speculation, freedom and determinism have plagued men's minds. But apart from such high metaphysics, it was early observed that in a political sense men were never absolutely free. Their freedom was always relative to the conditions under which men could act. A solitary god might be free absolutely, but not a man living among men who has to find or to make his way with or among them. Freedom, then, is always partial and relative. In the Greek city-state, some men were not free at all; indeed, some were held, as by Aristotle, to be slaves by nature. But even free citizens were free only under the law which ideally was the expression of reason. Thus, as Thucydides points out in his famous "Funeral Oration," Athenians were "unrestrained in private intercourse." In "public acts" they were "prevented from doing wrong" by respect for the authorities and for the law.

Freedom, again, may be the freedom of a class or of classes. It may be liberty of expression or of worship. But freedom may be merely nominal and formal. The poor, as Anatole France observed, are as free as the rich to sleep under the bridges. Freedom involves, as Socrates early pointed out, choice; and a choice that means anything involves knowledge. Freedom finally involves, as Marx and Robert Owen and Edward Bellamy were to discover, the economic conditions of action, and in the struggle for democracy economic security has only at late last been recognized as a political condition of personal freedom.

To insure some degree of freedom

Y HOLT AND COMPANY · HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY · HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY · HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY · HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY · HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY · HENRY

nchanter enchants the reviewers!

- "One of the most readable, delightful, entertaining bits of madness possible to conceive."—*Dallas Times Herald.*
- "The authors imply that they do not expect to be believed, only hope to be enjoyed. This I think, may fairly be predicted. There is a heap of humanity and humor in the gods, trolls and enchanters encountered . . . "—IRIS BARRY, *New York Herald Tribune Books.*
- "Written with a profligate gaiety and a naughty wit . . . like nothing you ever read before."—*Boston Herald.*
- "Great fun!"—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*
- "It defies comparison. It's absolutely unique." — THOMAS FRANKLYN HUDSON, *Of Books and Men.*
- "Escape, and how! . . . All sheer, good fun." —*San Francisco Call-Bulletin.*
- "It captures the imagination and whisks it away."—*Indianapolis Times.*
- "That title is pure understatement . . . *The Incomplete Enchanter* is the book enchanting."—*Greensboro (N.C.) News.*
- "Sprung from the combined nightmare imaginations of two men off the beaten path of fiction."—*Columbus Dispatch.*
- "The melodrama is as important as the humor. You ought to enjoy it thoroughly." —*Indianapolis News.*

THE INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER

By FLETCHER PRATT and L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP

Jacket design by BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF

A HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY *Book for the Imagination*

RY HOLT AND COMPANY · HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY · HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY · HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY · HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY · HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY · HEN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for all involves compromises and adjustments and the abridgement of the freedom of someone at some point. The ideal of democracy has not been, therefore, identical with an abstract freedom to live in solitary independence. It has meant, rather, the establishment of such conditions of coöperation that the maximum fulfillment of individuals would be insured. Freedom and tyranny have been set against each other because tyranny leaves only the tyrant or tyrants free, and even they, as Plato pointed out, are the slaves of their own caprices.

The final and comprehensive aspect of the democratic ideal is equality. This has seldom been held to mean simply that each man counts one, or that men are equal in gifts and capacities. In its strict sense it means that men are equal before the impersonality of reasonable law. They are ideally equal without respect to birth or wealth. They are equal in privilege and opportunity; they are equal in their dignity as human souls, equally entitled, as Kant said, to be treated as ends, not as means.

Even in the worst of times and under the most despotic of conditions, these ideals of freedom, equality, and social justice have asserted themselves. Even tyrants have had to give some justification of their tyranny. It were best, as Machiavelli pointed out, for tyrants to act as if they were ruling for the benefit of the governed, and by their consent. Even absolute monarchs in the Middle Ages had to claim they were the agents of divine justice. Unless some degree or illusion is maintained of serving the greatest happiness of the greatest number, ruling them by some form or illusion of their consent, tyrannies, even at the point of bayonets, cannot be maintained. Even the Nazis are finding they cannot govern without at least the pretense of collaboration with the conquered peoples. The ancient and complex ideal of democracy—justice, liberty, and equality—is in some degree present even where worst violated. It is not the wave of the past nor of the future; it is eternal. It arises from the depths of human awareness, from the deep lying social impulses of mankind. Men have died for it, and the idea itself has sometimes seemed to die. But in the present crisis it is well to look back on the history of the democratic idea, and to see that, where courage and intelligence and united good will were brought to bear, such perils of internal diseases and outside enemies have been surmounted before.

This article is from the introduction of the forthcoming anthology, "Fountainheads of Freedom," edited by Mr. Edman. It will be published later this month by Reynal & Hitchcock.

Wilmington Maverick

ALFRED I. duPONT, THE FAMILY REBEL. By Marquis James. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1941. 599 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE newspapers of Wilmington were discreetly silent, of course, and never so much as hinted that friction, rows, and cat-fights were incessant among the members of the sprawling duPont clan.

"This cost a lot of money without fooling anyone," writes Marquis James in his colorful biography of Alfred I. duPont, the family maverick. "Wilmington people read the Philadelphia papers for the real news of Delaware's most numerous and most conspicuous family."

Mr. James might well have added, "and Delaware's most quarrelsome family." For the duPonts were surely that. The cousins plotted against Alfred, to get him out of the vast powder business which he had preserved for the duPont dynasty. Wives fought wives and wives fought their husbands. It was a gaudy show, if as childish as it was absurd, which even the Philadelphia papers knew rather little about. Mr. James now tells the whole story, although with a marked leaning toward the side of Alfred I. duPont and his allies. This is a full-length life of one of America's principal industrialists and financiers—and might have been a dull one. It might have been a mere recording of the law-suits and bickerings of the duPonts.

But Marquis James, as he has demonstrated before, is a born story-teller, and his book is enlivened by anecdotes which are pertinent and which illuminate the character of Alfred duPont. This is, of course, contemporary biography, for Mr. duPont lived until 1935. Mr. James acknowledges this and points to the advantages and disadvantages of contemporary as compared with historical biography. There are vastly greater sources: in the people who are still alive and who knew the subject of the study; yet it is more difficult to obtain a perspective. "Whose side are you taking, Alfred's or the others?" Mr. James was repeatedly asked as he talked with the duPonts. His answer was that he took nobody's side, but sought the truth.

Marquis James

The craftsmanship of Mr. James is clear from his opening page. He begins with no dreary geneological tree. He starts his story, as he should, with a story. And stories continue throughout the book. Thus we have a picture of the five children of Eleuthère Irénée and Charlotte Henderson duPont being left orphans when they were still quite young. Alfred was thirteen. He had an older sister, a younger sister, and two younger brothers—and defiance marked these growing duPonts from the beginning. When it was proposed by a family council that the children leave Swamp Hill, their home, they actually armed themselves to prevent the threatened eviction. A compromise was reached before blood was shed. Such compromises were to be effected, in all the forthcoming duPont battles, before bloodshed. Resentments and bitterness remained, however.

Alfred I. duPont went into the powder works. He shared all the dangers, and they were tremendous, of the men in the yards, and he became an expert, particularly in the manufacture of brown powder. But he was distrusted by the older members of the family, who ran the business on ancient lines, who thought Alfred an upstart, and snubbed him when they could. The Brandywine plant, principally because of Alfred's genius, made nearly all the big-gun powder used in the Spanish war. But when the war ended, the older, incompetent duPonts bungled the company's affairs so badly that they had to offer the business for sale. With his cousins, Coleman (later United States Senator) and Pierre duPont, Alfred bought the business and saved it for the dynasty.

Three-times married, Alfred duPont was a man of many gifts and many tastes. He was tactless, independent, and high-strung. But he was a many-sided man. He was a musician and a composer, until deafness denied him these solaces. He was an inventor. He was a family man who adored children. Less a business man, he was also a great industrialist, and he ended his years as a banker in Florida.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chart for Democracy

DEMOCRACY MARCHES. By Julian S. Huxley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1941. 126 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by FRANK KINGDON

MR. HUXLEY is here wrestling with the most searching political question of our day. Can democracy cope with the politico-economic complex of the contemporary state, organizing it with the necessary efficiency yet safeguarding individual liberties? The totalitarian countries have come to grips with our modern economy and have developed the monolithic state, which manipulates material resources efficiently but completely subordinates human beings to the impersonal values of production, militarism, and regimentation.

Democracy cannot accept their formula without sacrificing its own deepest premise that the state exists to serve human beings, not human beings to serve the state. Nevertheless, while democracy cannot adopt the totalitarian view, it must have a total one of its own. This means some sort of social planning, or what Mr. Huxley calls "a social service state," one in which social motivation displaces the economic as the basis of operation.

Through a careful and thorough examination of the social reforms of the modern state, particularly in England, and of the new intimacies of contemporary international relations, Mr. Huxley traces a possible outline for an efficient democracy that will both assure the preservation of human liberty and project a world order of law and peace. This is an exceedingly thoughtful book, characterized by the useful fact that the author leaves the realm of generalization and gets down to the hard facts of actual experience and organizational forms. It blazes the trail of a kind of thinking that will become more and more urgently necessary with every approach we make toward a stable and humane world. Democracy undoubtedly has on its side powerful human impulses and great human idealism. These, however, are not enough. It must show its ability to deal with the actual situations we face and to formulate plans to meet and solve them without sacrificing the essential dignities and rights that belong to human character and personality.

Can it do it? Mr. Huxley believes it can and shows here his chart of the pathway from where we are to where we want to go.

Frank Kingdon is President of the University of Newark, New Jersey.

DEVOTION TO DUTY IS A TELEPHONE TRADITION

High morale, devotion to duty, ingenuity in meeting new circumstances and the ability and will to work with each other and with the public are traditional characteristics of telephone employees.

Times like these not only demand these characteristics, they serve to create and extend them.

Now, more than ever, the creed of telephone workers is expressed in these simple words . . . "We'll do our best to get your call through."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"The Telephone Hour" is broadcast every Monday evening over the N. B. C. Red Network

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eudora WELTY

is a literary discovery of the greatest Importance

IN a field where the word "discovery" is sometimes over-worked, Eudora Welty has left editors, critics, and fellow authors straining for the phrase that describes the brilliance of her talents. And when you've read A CURTAIN OF GREEN, you'll know why—you'll agree that it's one of the freshest, most thoroughly entertaining books you've ever enjoyed.

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER
writes in her introduction:

"Being the child of her place and her time, profiting, perhaps without being aware of it, by the multiple experiences, foreign travels, and disorders of the generation immediately preceding her, she will never have to go away and live among the Eskimos, or Mexican Indians; she need not follow a war; she shall not even need to live in New York, in order to feel that she is having the kind of experiences, the sense of "life" proper to a serious author. She gets her nourishment from the source, her experience so far has been quite enough for her and of precisely the right kind. She began writing spontaneously when she was a child, being a born writer; and she continued without any plan for a career, without any particular encouragement and not needing any, as it proved."

A Curtain of Green

$2.50. DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

Delandia

GOLDEN YESTERDAYS. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Bros. 1941. 351 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

IT is a wise saying of Mrs. Deland's in this latest book of hers that "writing any form of biography is difficult, but autobiography seems to me the most difficult of all." She likens all recording of the past to "looking down into still depths of an old well." Lichen, moss, grass, and other vegetation have grown below the opening, and "down in the bottomless darkness there is a glimmer of water," in which an elderly Narcissus may find the reflection of his own face.

From the base-line of this conception of autobiography one could not proceed far without those gifts of imagination which belong to a novelist, and it is very much as a novelist that Mrs. Deland begins, and for some time continues, her narrative. It is not the story of herself only, but quite as much the story of her husband, Lorin F. Deland, who died in 1917, at which date the narrative ends. To him the book, "Our Book," is dedicated. From the moment of his appearance on her scene, in a New Hampshire summer boarding-house, the story is indeed theirs rather than primarily hers. A brief time-table covers the hours between her first glimpse of him as he got off a stage on an August afternoon of 1878 at 5 P. M. and the 9.30 P.M. item, "They fell in Love." Thus the two "brooks," of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, united in the "river" which bore them on their joyful and gallant voyage together—they married in 1880—for nearly forty years.

The pages of this book hold nothing more exciting than the record of the young Boston couple who began their marriage on the most tenuous of shoestrings, and dared greatly into ventures of generous living. It was one of Deland's maxims that "when you can't have necessities and luxuries at the same time—give up two or three necessities and take a luxury." Their chief luxury, in the old house they took in Clapp Place, Dorchester, with its half acre of land and accommodations for a cow and a horse, acquired for strictly economic purposes, was to offer helping hands to persons less fortunate than themselves. In this category they soon included young girls with babies but without husbands, and through their four years in Clapp Place they took in about sixty of these girls, one or two at a time, and cared for them until each could be placed, with her child, in a country family, to assist in general housework. There were inevitably a few failures in the experiment, but the successes were many. Most of the girls married respectably and had other children.

While this was going on the young Delands were enjoying another experience, through entering into a close personal relation with Phillips Brooks. The great preacher must have detected something unusual in the alert young man in the business of printing who came to him with questions after hearing him speak, and soon detached

BOOKS BY

Stephen Vincent Benét

JOHN BROWN'S BODY
$2.50

THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER
$1.00

THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER:
An opera in one act
(Libretto) $1.50

JOHNNY PYE AND THE FOOL-KILLER
$1.00

TALES BEFORE MIDNIGHT
$2.50

13 O'CLOCK: Stories of several worlds
$2.50

BURNING CITY: New poems
$2.00

BALLADS & POEMS: 1915-1930
$2.50

NIGHTMARE AT NOON
50c

With Rosemary Benét:
A BOOK OF AMERICANS
$2.00

Coming in the Spring of 1942:
THE SELECTED WORKS OF STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT,
Volume I, POETRY; Volume II, PROSE
$5.00 the set

FARRAR & RINEHART
232 Madison Avenue, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself from his easy-going Unitarian affiliations and became an active member of Trinity Church. It was a human more than a theological sympathy that bound the Delands and Brookses together, and their intimate friendship lasted from his happy acceptance of the limited hospitalities of Clapp Place to the end of his brilliant days. It was Deland, by the way, who proposed and engineered the Sunday night services conducted by Brooks in Faneuil Hall for "down-and-outers." Not the least virtue of Mrs. Deland's story lies in the fresh light it throws upon the majestic figure of Phillips Brooks.

From printing Lorin Deland passed into manufacturing, and then into a pioneering employment of his own creation which he defined as "Business Counsel and Advertising." This did not withhold him from inventing the "Flying Wedge" play for the Harvard football team, or from joining Winthrop Ames in the management of the Castle Square Theatre.

This was in contrast with the essential seriousness of both the Delands, and especially of the book through which Mrs. Deland first became generally known—"John Ward, Preacher." She would never have written it but for the confident urging of her friend Lucy Derby, afterwards Mrs. Fuller, who had previously brought about the publication of Mrs. Deland's first book, "An Old Garden and Other Verses." The instant success of this venture led Miss Derby to issue a command, "You are to write a novel," and to deposit on Mrs. Deland's desk a ream of yellow manuscript paper, pens, penholders, and two bottles of ink. The challenge could not be refused, and "John Ward, Preacher," dealing frankly with the religious questionings to which Mrs. Deland and many others were seeking the answers at the time, was the startling result.

"The Story of an African Farm" and "Robert Elsmere" had been its startling predecessors. Nothing could mark more clearly the difference between their time and our own than the horror with which these documents of doubt, now capable of attracting no special attention as such, were received in the 1880's. Such a writer of such a book as "John Ward, Preacher" had to accept many reproaches—among them, in this instance, the refusal of a Maine farmer to part with his river-bank house to the Delands. "I don' want to git in bad with the church folks," he declared, "by sellin' the house to you."

Her first novel was on the contrary the first step towards getting her a good name with the whole English-speaking and reading public. The tales of Old Chester and Dr. Lavendar passed muster even on the Piscataqua. The story of the author's "Golden Yesterdays" has less to do with her many books than with the full life out of which they issued—a life of friendships and widely varied interests, touching both this world and the next. Her many years, now well beyond eighty, have not impaired the gusto of her writing. A spirit of zestful youth pervades her latest book. The youth of 1941 would disclaim that spirit as outmoded, yet here one finds not merely a record of facts in the five decades before 1917 but a clear reflection of thoughts, manners, and enthusiasms characteristic of that period. Both amateur and professional students of the time may turn to the book now and hereafter to their notable advantage.

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

With an introduction by CARL VAN DOREN

Besides its immense usefulness as a reference volume, this fascinating new book, many years in compilation, is perfect for "browsing." The best and most quotable remarks of great men are here, *long* excerpts from famous poems, pages and pages of Shakespeare, the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, nursery rhymes, Latin, Greek, and foreign citations. But included also are quotations from, to give two in the "G's," Texas Guinan and her fifty million Frenchmen and Hermann Goering and his guns and butter. There are about 40,000 quotations, and a magnificent index.

Students, professors, speakers, preachers, journalists, editors and general readers will all find this dictionary indispensable. It shows what to use and what not to use. It should be in the background of every conversation and in the foreground of every writer's table.

Carl Van Doren's Introduction is a delightful and penetrating essay on what quotations really are and how they have come to be an accepted device in the art of human expression. $5.00

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE

By JAMES D. HART

"Looks like and doubtless is the soundest and most valuable single volume of its particular nature ever issued. According to official count, there are about 1,000,000 words in the text, about 2,000 individual biographies, and bibliographies, about 1,000 summaries of books or parts of books and hundreds of other complementary and supplementary articles . . . ought to be as useful in the average reader's home as a dictionary."—*N. Y. Times* $5.00

AMERICAN RENAISSANCE

By F. O. MATTHIESSEN

" . . . perhaps the most profound work of literary criticism on historical principles by any modern American."

—*Saturday Review of Literature* $5.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS • NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Adolphus

OR THE ADOPTED DOLPHIN AND THE PIRATE'S DAUGHTER

by William Rose Benet

Illustrated by Marjorie Flack

Phil Stong rates it a "must"

"A dolphin among porpoises plays cupid after saving pretty Angelica from Davy Jones's locker. The chronicle in verse by Mr. Benet, and the pictures by his wife, have delightful insouciance and humor. Whale of a book. *Must.*" $1.50

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

True psychological insight

Now, Voyager

BY OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY

"Olive Higgins Prouty showed that she knew what went on in the minds of women when she wrote "Stella Dallas" and "Lisa Vale." Her writing, in "Now, Voyager," reads like a continuation of the best of Edith Wharton's novels of society, and to this reviewer it is startling that such reticence can be so successful."—*Harry Hansen*

$2.50

A national best seller

HOUGHTON-MIFFLIN-COMPANY

OPINIONS OF VAN WYCK BROOKS

(*Continued from page 5*)

the general life of society. Either they take refuge in "form," or, turning their backs upon the living literary problem, they fly into history. Mr. Brooks, it seems to me, illustrates what I have been struggling to define as the real, in place of the formal, autonomy of literature.

By this phrase one does not mean that the critic has merely to be "on our side." The fact, for instance, that the critic is a Jeffersonian democrat does not mean that he is therefore a good critic. Literature has flourished under many forms of the state. But there is one form of the state under which literature does not and cannot flourish, and that is the state as organized barbarism. When therefore criticism refuses to admit the gravity of the struggle between our state and that organized barbarism which obliterates literature; when criticism turns its back upon living writers; when criticism refuses to enrich contemporary literature or aids that literature sparingly and condescendingly on the theory that all greatness lies in the past, criticism fails in its primary function, which is to protect and defend the autonomy of literature. This is, I think, what Mr. Brooks sees. His condemnation of "coterie" literature, his condemnation of technological critics, his condemnation of that false "cosmopolitanism" which passes for universality is a condemnation which I find to be just. "The real writers," says Allston in a sentence of startling simplicity,

> the real writers have always rather cultivated the commonplace and have even done their best to abolish themselves.

Mr. Brooks thinks simultaneously about literature and about the state. If he subordinated literature to a particular theory of the state, he would fail as both Marxian and reactionary criticism have often failed. But he recognizes the patent truth that literature is not an airplant, that it can survive only in a society which is prepared to nourish it and which it must help to nourish. He knows the importance of not confounding literary criticism with the defense of "democracy." But he writes also in the shadow of a greater command: in the effort to free literature from social or intellectual propaganda, let us not mistakenly release literature from all social inference, all social responsibility. Because "Opinions of Oliver Allston" plumbs the depths and shallows of these vital problems, it should be widely, slowly, and thoughtfully read.

Vagabond Path

by James Gray

"Fifty-six years (1880-1936) in the life of a cosmopolitan intellectual, native of St. Paul, Minnesota, who spends much of his life in France, England, New York. He writes plays, he loves but does not marry an actress, his mother is beautiful and demanding, he becomes more and more involved, as he grows older, in the troubles of his friends. *An unusually penetrating study of a man's life, various civilized and entertaining.*"

—THE NEW YORKER

$2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 Fifth Ave., New York

DOCUMENTARY LIFE OF NATHAN HALE

By George Dudley Seymour

626 Pages — 50 Illustrations
Fully Indexed — $5.00

It brings the Revolution vividly before us, and makes Nathan Hale as real as Washington.—*Van Wyck Brooks*

Most of this material is now printed for the first time. All of it is interesting, and much of it is important not only to those interested in Hale, but to students of the American Revolution generally.—*Bernhard Knollenberg* in *The Saturday Review*

It is a volume that should be in every library of American history.—*A. J. Wall*

It should be read by every one who has any interest in the heroic Hale, in the American Revolution, or in early Connecticut history.—*Wilbur Cortez Abbott*

The documents are reproduced with scrupulous accuracy.—*Arthur Adams*

DONALD LINES JACOBUS
Westville Station, New Haven, Conn.

America and its art as seen by a wise and witty traveler.

THROUGH THE AMERICAN LANDSCAPE

BY KAJ KLITGAARD

"A delightful book—valuable for the layman as well as the artist." — *Lamar Dodd*, University of Georgia

With reproductions of 41 American paintings (8 in color). $3.50

The University of North Carolina Press

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Children's Books

By Fay Gillis Wells

THE current crop of children's books indicates that there still are no boundaries or redtape involved in their literary travels.

But though they cover lands from Central Europe and the Mediterranean to Africa, across the South Atlantic to Chile, thence to the Pacific isles and on to China, in nary a volume is there the slightest inkling that the world is being torn apart by the most devastating war in its history.

The authors can hardly plead ignorance of or lack of time in which to deal with the Second World War, which is now in its third year. So it is either an amazing coincidence or publishers' conspiracy that all of the writers of at least my large batch of children's travel books—treated without geographical limitations—appear intent on keeping their carefree adolescent readers in ignorance of world affairs.

This, it seems to me, is inconsistent, because all the precocious little heroes and heroines manifestly could take the war in their stride without losing a step and perhaps settle the world situation more effectively than their elders appear to be doing it.

However, it may be that the authors feel that the war will soon be over and then their books would soon be dated, so they are reserving the terrors of war for thrilling factual stories instead of criticizable lurid fancy.

Anyway, I, for one, am glad they have not used the war as a theme or for background. Certainly, the current travel books for children afford pleasant escape from the screaming headlines of today.

The yarns are told without any of the sophisticated veneer found in smart novels. There are no clever innuendos to confuse issues. The volumes are filled with simple wisdoms about the peoples and basic traditions of many lands—crammed with interesting customs and legends and native psychologies that were true hundreds of years ago and will be true long after this war is over, because primitives and their customs have a way of surviving world upheavals and this one is not likely to prove an exception.

So even though current world issues are ignored, youngsters may safely read the entertaining new travel books without fear of wasting time and also profit greatly by becoming acquainted with the fundamental characteristics of strange peoples and lands through the eyes of native children.

The Saturday Review's Guide to Children's Literature

THE WRATH OF MOTO *Attilio Gatti* (Scribners: $2.50)	10 and up Boys	The customs and life of the pygmies shown through Arara, who has just taken his place as a man in his tribe, and his faithful dog and constant companion, Sa-ù. How Arara escapes from the wrath of Moto, the erupting volcano, makes vivid reading.	A worthy addition
GROWING UP IN NEW ZEALAND *Edna Kaula* (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard: $1.50)	10 to 14 Girls	The carefree childhood of Edna Kaula and her brother Harry in New Zealand. It is entertainingly interwoven with the history and legends of the country. The pronunciations of all the strange words are listed at the bottom of each page to simplify reading aloud.	Entertaining
KAMANDA, AN AFRICAN BOY *Attilio Gatti* (McBride: $2.)	10 to 14 Boys	The true story of Kamanda, an 11-year-old African boy who worked for the Gattis on their 10th African Expedition. From the first moment Kamanda saw the trailers, which the natives called the "huts-that-walk," he was determined to be Madamu's own chau-ver. This is the story of how Kamanda saved Mrs. Gatti's life and made his dream come true.	Informative
PILOT OF THE HIGH ANDES *Frederic Nelson Litten* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	12 to 16 Boys	A high-flying story full of adventure and complications resulting from mistaken indentity, beginning in America and ending in the copper mines, high in the Andes Mountains.	Exciting

EDGAR ALLAN
POE
A Critical Biography
By
ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN

PUBLICATION of Dr. Quinn's biography of Edgar Allan Poe is a literary event of first importance. It crowns years of research and study of every phase of Poe's life and personality. Dr. Quinn has succeeded in portraying Poe as he really was and has written what doubtless will become the definitive biography of one of America's supreme literary figures.

Outstanding features include the first complete record of the career of Poe's parents in the theatre; the discovery of forgeries, hitherto unsuspected, of Poe's first biographer, Rufus W. Griswold; a remarkable letter proving Poe's true love for Virginia, and unpublished letters written after her death concerning his relations with Helen Whitman and "Annie" Richmond; sympathetic treatment of Poe's "Eureka" in the light of science of his day, and of today. Illustrated. $5.

At All Booksellers

APPLETON-CENTURY • New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MY BROTHER STEVE

(*Continued from page 4*)

When heads were quickly bashed,
When dead men rolled in the scuppers
And revolvers spat and flashed . . .

Such was a crude and early precursor of Steve's later and excellent ballad, "The Hemp: A Virginia Legend," which appeared in *The Century Magazine* while he was still a schoolboy. In those earlier days he would go riding with us along dusty California roads, mounted upon an old Army mare. In a poem toward the end of "Young Adventure" he reveals a little of what it made him think about:

A cicada's cry deepens the hot silence.
The hills open
To show a slope of poppies,
Ardent, noble, heroic,
A flare, a great flame of orange;
Giving sleepy, brittle scent
That stings the lungs.
A creeping wind slips through them like a ferret; they bow and dance, answering Beauty's voice . . .

I have put this same small boy into a long poem of my own, telling how he also would offer us his hoarded nickels for lunch in the restaurant of the ferry-boat, *Solano,* which used to carry the Southern Pacific trains across the Carquinez Straits from Benicia to Port Costa. It was a stunt of ours to ride the boat back and forth and examine the new tourists from the East, after stuffing particularly good corn muffins.

II

By the time I was established in New York as a publisher's reader, Steve was down in Augusta, Georgia, with my Father and Mother. To the latter he owed much through his early years not only for devoted care but for lively understanding. Just prior to the change of base, at the age of thirteen, he had won a cash prize from the *Saint Nicholas League* with a poem, "The Regret of Dives." It was apparent from this poem that he did not, however, desire to become rich. He has since told us that he was then under the impression that *Dives* rhymed with *hives,* though fortunately the name occurred only in the poem's title. He got three dollars for it and spent it on the train coming East from California. In another poem of the period he stigmatized "The Proud Man," imagining himself sitting in a tower aloof from the world, till at last a glance from a window showed him how all mankind had passed him by and gone beyond him. The execution of these verses leaves something to be desired, but the point-of-view remained characteristic. My brother has never cared much about an ivory tower.

A rare issue of a book-collector's quarterly of eight years ago contains an essay of Steve's called "The Sixth Man," in which he describes our father's influence upon his formative years, the big house in California, and how he came to realize early in life that poetry "was not a dead thing or an alien thing or a dry game of words. I knew there were rules and that you could break the rules but that you must never break them unintentionally. I knew it was always written by the living, even though the date-line said that the man was dead."

Steve entered Yale. The first World War was just coming over the horizon. In his sophomore year my brother was taken on the *Lit,* of which he later became Chairman. Those happened to be great years for writing among undergraduates in the Eastern universities. Yale had Archibald MacLeish, Thornton Wilder, Philip Barry. Harvard could boast Dos Passos, Cummings, and T. S. Eliot. At Princeton were F. Scott Fitzgerald, Edmund Wilson, and John Peale Bishop. It was such a renaissance as has not shone again.

In his Junior Year Steve wrote the Yale University Prize Poem, "The Drug Shop, or, Endymion in Edmonstoun," a poem about Keats; and in the same year, after enlisting and then being rejected from the Army because of defective eyesight, he entered the State Department as a cipher-clerk, a profession also then adorned by Mr. James Thurber, afterward author of "The Seal in the Bedroom." Later on Steve became a clerk in the Office of the Counselor. At that time he roomed in Washington with John Franklin Carter (later well-known under a pseudonym as a writer on political and international subjects), Thornton Wilder, and Bill Taylor. After the war he returned to college for his B.A.; and his second book of poems, "Young Adventure," was published by the Yale University Press.

Subsequent to graduation, Steve worked the next summer in the office of Charles W. Hoyt, Planned Advertising, the only business office in which, to my knowledge, he has ever labored. He went back to the Yale Graduate School to take his M. A. in one year, a possible thing at that time. He presented, in lieu of a thesis, his third book of poems, "Heavens and Earth," and Ex-Governor Wilbur Cross, then head of the Graduate School, accepted the substitution. In that young and enthusiastic volume you will find in the section, "The Tall Town," a poem of the war called "Colloquy of the Statues," and poems about lunch-time on Broadway, the strike pickets on lower Fifth Avenue, morning on 32nd Street, and the red and white flashes by night of the Metropolitan Tower, reflections of my brother's thoughts while pursuing for a brief moment the almighty dollar of national advertising!

By this time Steve had definitely decided to throw in his lot with literature. He spent the summer after leaving Yale in writing his first novel, "The Beginning of Wisdom," and went over to Paris with John Carter, to study, presumably, at the Sorbonne. In Paris he got some reading done, and some drinking, and incidentally met the de-

By William Rose Benét

THE DUST WHICH IS GOD

A semi-autobiographical novel, in verse, picturing the author's life from the turn of the century to the present. Many readers will seek for the originals of various characters and will find in varied disguise such familiar figures as Elinor Wylie, Christopher Morley, Carl Van Doren, Henry Seidel Canby and others.

■ "A book which reads like a novel and is as ripe as a long matured philosophy. Rich in living portraits, it is not only a vivid autobiography but a detailed picture of a period."—*Louis Untermeyer.*

Regular edition $3.50. Limited, autographed edition $6.00

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY • 432 FOURTH AVE., N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lightful and talented girl he was soon to marry. She was working for the Paris edition of the Chicago *Tribune* and for the London *Daily Mail*. When they returned to the United States separately, to consult their respective parents and prepare for marriage, Steve turned to and, under high pressure, wrote his second novel, "Young People's Pride," which Carl Brandt serialized for him with Henry Blackman Sell of *Harper's Bazaar*. The book is dedicated to Rosemary Carr with a special delightful poem, and on the first page occurs the name of one of the characters, Johnny Chipman—part of the name of John Chipman Farrar, who is today head of the publishing house of Farrar & Rinehart and Steve's own publisher.

The serial money enabled my brother and his wife, after their wedding in Chicago, to return to Paris and begin life together in that city of cities that had early won their hearts. It also marked the beginning of a literary and business association between him as author and Carl Brandt as his literary agent and adviser that has endured for many years. Later Steve and his bride returned to New York, and, after another novel, "Jean Huguenot," he squared away at the magazines as a writer of short stories.

The neophyte thinks that the established writer of short stories and novels has it all his own way. How very pleasant to dash off this or that immediately and receive large sums for it! The experienced know, of course, that the trade of writer is uncertain enough to make strong men break down and cry like babies! "To be a writer," a successful one once said to me, "you need the heart of a lion." Steve could take it. But at length he wrote himself completely out on short stories, and came to that point of desperation all writers know, when the vein of invention begins to run thinner and thinner, and the stories become flimsier and flimsier. Yet now there was a small and growing daughter to be cared for. Taking stock of his gifts, of his literary chance, of the trend of his writing life, my brother decided on a complete break-away and a fresh cast.

Those who think that poets—like the conies—are a feeble folk, might profit by regarding the decision of this one. It was over fifteen years ago that he laid before the board of the Guggenheim Foundation his plan for a long poem of the Civil War. He went abroad, with wife and child, on the stipend they gave him, while almost everybody, including his publishers, seemed to think it a crazy self-indulgence. Today there are not many people in this country who have not read and enjoyed "John Brown's Body."

To a certain extent every writer has to be a gambler; but it takes entrails, with a family to support, to turn away from the lucrative field and embark upon a questionable project. It took the courage of his wife, too, of course—a courage and an admirable commonsense which she has never failed to show in an emergency. The book had to be written. It sprang from inner necessity. And, actually, it paid reckonable dividends.

Out at Neuilly, Steve dug in, toted masses of books home from a Paris library, and went to work recreating the American Civil War. Those long armchair discussions with his father, in California and Georgia, must have recurred to him vividly! His utter surprise when the finished book became a best-seller is a story that has often been told. When asked by a ship-news reporter what it felt like, he characteristically remarked that to him it was as though he had given birth to a grand piano. Prior to this, his longest flight into history had been a novel concerning the Minorcan revolt at New Smyrna, Florida, called "Spanish Bayonet." Then our father had been alive. This time the only shadow on Steve's success was the fact that our father was gone, though he had lived to read portions of the manuscript in its early stages. As for myself, the summer of its completion I was staying with my wife, Elinor Wylie, in the village of Burley in the New Forest in England. I vividly recall Steve coming over from Paris to see us, reading to us one night in our cottage from his manuscript, before a glimmering fire of coals. It was an immortal evening.

The success of this book enabled him to proceed with his writing more at his own pace. It also brought him the Pulitzer Prize. His short stories grew better and better. Today one of the most famous is being interpreted on the screen by Walter Huston, Edward Arnold, and others. But at first he was loath to collect them. He brought out, instead, a collection of ballads and poems, work of the past fifteen years. Here were, among other excellent things, his earlier *Nation* Prize poem, "King David," the famous "Mountain Whippoorwill," that fine sonnet sequence called "The Golden Corpse," and also a strangely moving earlier

In the NOVEMBER issue of

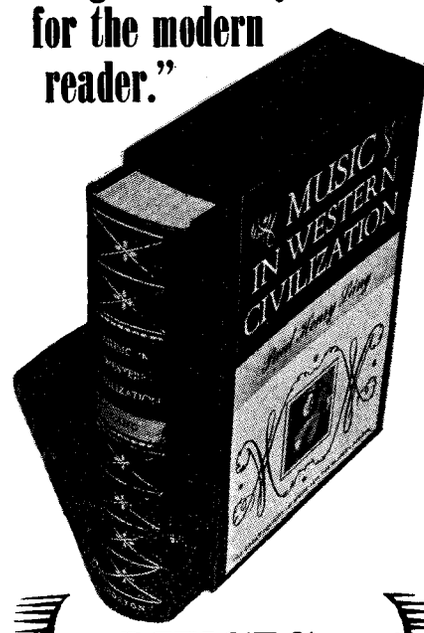
Poetry: *A Magazine of Verse*

Two Outstanding Younger Poets
Karl Shapiro · Roy Fuller
Poems, articles & book reviews by C. F. MacIntyre, Eunice Tietjens, Katherine Chapin, Ruth Stephan, John Malcolm Brinnin, and others.

$3.00 a year

5 Months' Trial Subscription, $1
232 East Erie St., Dept. 5, Chicago, Illinois

"The great history of music for the modern reader."



MUSIC IN WESTERN CIVILIZATION
by Paul Henry Láng

The first book of its kind ever published. Exciting and dramatic from first page to last because it connects music with the rest of human history.

"Not since Burney and Hawkins, back in 1776, has there been anything in the English language which can compare with Láng's colossal achievement."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books"*

"It is authoritative without being pedantic: even the expert is constantly taken by surprise by its flashes of insight; by what might be called historical discoveries."
— Alfred Einstein, *Saturday Review*. 1107 Pages. Illustrated. Boxed $5.00

THE MUSIC OF SPAIN
By GILBERT CHASE

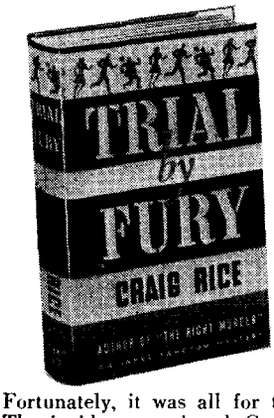
An interpretive history which traces the course of Spanish music from earliest times to the present. Illustrated. $4.00

W·W·NORTON & CO.
70 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Murder being our business, we frequently startle people with our more placid discussions. About six months ago we had a spot of trouble with a visitor who overheard a spirited argument about the comparative virtues of throat-slitting and wrist-slicing. This hysterical eavesdropper was later competently dealt with by physicians and psychiatrists (or incompetently—that detail escapes us at the moment).

The point is that it was a distracting interruption to the very serious business on hand—the manuscript of CRAIG RICE's *Trial by Fury*, then in work and now just published.



Fortunately, it was all for the best. The incident convinced CRAIG RICE that all methods have their uses (even death by shock was briefly considered). As a result, there is a happy impartiality about the *modus operandi* of *Trial by Fury* that should please the most case-hardened reader. Shooting, arson, drowning, throat-slitting all have their part, to say nothing of the proverbial blunt instrument for the diehards.

Naturally, CRAIG RICE's famous trio—JAKE JUSTUS, his bride HELENE, and criminal lawyer JOHN J. MALONE—are the center of this homicidal cyclone. Operating for the first time outside their native Chicago, they are vacationing in a small town notable for its excellent fishing, nasty sheriff, and family skeletons. Translated into the CRAIG RICE vernacular, these elements add up to an expert blend of homicide and hilarity in *Trial by Fury*.

Those who've read CRAIG RICE's earlier books—*8 Faces at 3*, *The Corpse Steps Out*, *The Wrong Murder*, *The Right Murder*—don't need any needling from us. For the others, we'll let CRAIG RICE speak for herself, at your nearest book store, in

TRIAL BY FURY
by Craig Rice
AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY • PRICE $2.00

poem of untried youth, which he had attempted to revise. But it was now 1930 and the poem had first been written in 1917. So the new last verse reads:

> After the thirteenth year, the water runs as before,
> The gemmed wave in the water, the starlight on the gem,
> All but the crew who sailed there, and they return no more,
> But the words are as they were written. I cannot alter them.

That too I find characteristic of Steve; for one of his virtues is loyalty—not blind, not sentimental, but considered, wise, and final. He has something in his character like a rampart. It cannot be moved. Five or six years later, in "Burning City," which contains his great poem against dictators, he gives us several fiery glimpses of what it is to be a real poet.

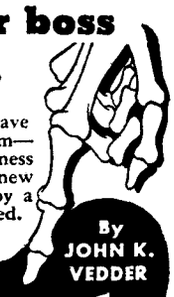
He had written his new novel, "James Shore's Daughter," and now at last he launched selected "Stories of Several Worlds" in "Thirteen o'Clock." Among them stands "The Devil and Daniel Webster" (now appearing on the screen), "The King of the Cats," and "Daniel Webster and the Sea Serpent." Already his wife and he had collaborated on a gay book in rhyme concerning historic Americans. In a second volume of short stories came other fantastic masterpieces like "Johnny Pye and the Fool-Killer" and "Doc Mellhorn and the Pearly Gates." But there is moving realism too, concerning the vile tyranny of our time, in "The Blood of the Martyrs" and "Into Egypt." And there is in certain others that deep understanding of youth that made Steve so admirable an editor of the Yale Series of Younger Poets, where his unerring judgment has turned up such fine rebellious talent as Paul Engle's, Muriel Rukeyser's, or that of Joy Davidman. Other critics than I, who am no fit critic of my brother's work, have praised his art in the short story. You have only to read them.

By now I have had to regard my younger brother as by way of becoming an American institution! "Stephen Benét Wins O. Henry Story Prize"—"Roosevelt Medal Awarded Stephen Benét"—"Re-elected Vice President of National Institute"—"Member of the American Academy"—and so on *ad infinitum!* One source of pale envy on my part, incidentally, has been the way Steve has always collected prizes. Every time they put one up, they decide to give it to him! He was always lucky with slot-machines, too, I remember.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY · HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY ·

Maybe your boss is a heel...

EVEN if he isn't, you'll have fun watching one squirm—Ben O. Chapman of Business Journals, Inc. — in this new high-voltage murder tale by a specialist in the unexpected. $2.00. *A Holt Mystery*



By JOHN K. VEDDER

The Last Doorbell

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
TRIAL BY FURY *Craig Rice* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Killer with catholic taste in weapons upsets quiet Wisconsin town and spurs lawyer-detective Malone to noblest of efforts.	With Helene and Jake Justus as first-class foils quick-witted Chicago mouth-piece turns in amusing and exciting job.	Grade A
EXIT A STAR *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2.)	Observant girl press-agent saves stage-struck deb from death and writes finis to murderous career of Long Island triple slayer.	Highly atmospheric item, with stage and publicity personalities well handled, nearly guess-proof plot, and gobs of action.	High voltage
MURDER IN OKEFENOKEE *Cecile Hulse Matschat* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Deaths of "swamper" and two guests from North turn Georgia Christmas party into criminal hunt with eugenics expert in lead.	Family-skeleton affair. Better than average as mystery and especially good for portrayal of strange green swampland and inhabitants.	Recommended
PRESCRIPTION FOR MURDER *Hannah Lees* (Random House: $2.)	Death of diabetic directress of nurses in Penna. hospital arouses suspicions of young doctor who, with girl's help, solves clever crime.	Rates well up with best as suspenseful mystery and has special interest for vivid treatment of hospital life—and loves.	Full marks

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frank Morley once organized the "Brothers Club," because his brother Christopher was getting altogether too famous. I am a charter member of that organization—just because of Steve!

There are three children now, an older daughter who is, indeed, no longer a child, but a young lady; a son at Exeter; a younger daughter of highly original gifts. There is Rosemary, Steve's wife, who was born to understand just why he has wished to write exactly as he has written. She lends his household infinite charm, collaborates with him on the portraits of other writers that they do for Irita Van Doren's *Books,* translates Colette from the French, and judges children's books with rare ability. And now there is the Whistler House in the old whaling port of Stonington, Connecticut, where Steve and Rosemary hope to spend years that are sure to be anything but "declining"! In town, there is the large old-fashioned house in the East Sixties, with a more secluded air-conditioned study now, on an upper floor, where work upon a pioneer epic, among other projects, goes steadily forward.

If one has been at one time pretty hard hit by arthritis, one does not stand quite as straight as one has in the past, even though one's spirit may be like a lance. But one does not lose, for all that, the persistent twinkle, the drawlingly American sense of humor, the keen appraisal of the follies and crimes of the times. There is a southron tinge to the hospitality too—a courtesy and kindness at once apparent, a consideration that caused a young in-law of mine once to remark, "Why good Lord, he was asking me *my* opinion!"

Steve has developed in a manner I can thoroughly admire. Perhaps it is true, as he avers, that once I was in a position to read to him most of Bryant's translation of the Iliad, or to write a foreword and draw a cover for an early unpublished work then known as "Poems and Battle Songs." I can, indeed, remember the time when I actually used to tell him stories. Today, how utterly preposterous that seems!

I have said elsewhere and before this that my brother early developed a habit of gritting his teeth and being thrilled by tales of heroic exploits. He will never quite lose that faculty. And he still absorbs pulp-magazines dealing with horror, mystery, and marvel, with as great a relish as he did in his youth. For instance, he was entirely familiar with the work of H. P. Lovecraft long before that little-known master of horror was brought to the attention of the critics. That is one aspect. And then there has been the radio work and there have been the speeches before the National Academy and elsewhere. There has been advisory lecturing in the art of writing. There has been book-reviewing. There was the making of a Lincoln picture with David Wark Griffith, and the making of "The Devil and Daniel Webster" into a light opera, with the aid of his old friend, now head of the Columbia School of Music, Douglas Moore. Steve also collaborated with Mr. Moore on a picture, "Power and the Land," put out by the Rural Electrification Administration, and has prepared for the screen at least one novel by another writer. Life has been rich in effort and opportunity. And sometimes, in spite of that, the driven body has needed badly, and found, what my brother early wrote of as "The Quality of Courage."

Steve has not been spared his full share of the acerbity of contemporary criticism. But he can usually tell exactly what is eating the critics and why. He drawls, "Oh we-ll—!" He does not take himself too seriously. He has enjoyed his work, and the rewards thereof. He could calculate to a nicety just when he knew he was hitting the ball, and when he wasn't. Lately, it has seemed to one admiring relative, he has hit it pretty consistently right upon the nose. "Wait till you come to forty year!" warned Thackeray. But today we know that that is just when life begins. Steve is three years past, and but only coming into

The new murder novel by "one of the very, very good mystery writers."
—JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

Grim Grow The Lilacs

By MARION RANDOLPH
Author of *This'll Kill You*

● Everyone at Black Rock farm hated Lilac, George Reed's second wife, on sight. One of them did something about her—with belladonna . . . A story of people you'll like, caught in an unbearable situation that had to end in murder. $2.00

A Holt Mystery

NY-HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY-HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY-

Bolivar

A funny monkey any child will love!

His extra-long tail was a jungle joke—until the exciting day he found a new use for it . . . Story and colored pictures by *Reg Bankart.*
($1.00, Smith & Durrell)

Barrels of Praise for

THE NEW MR. & MRS. NORTH MURDER MYSTERY

A PINCH OF POISON

By FRANCES *and* RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

"BEST of the Mr. and Mrs. North stories, and I don't need to tell you this is high praise."
—Rex Stout

"ONLY the top few of all the season's detective stories will be as well written as *A Pinch of Poison,* only the top few will be as deftly plotted, less than that few will be as witty." —N.Y. Sun

"AS WELL plotted as the other North mysteries and just as humorous, but this time the authors have gone in for a touch of creepiness as well."
—The New Yorker

"AMONG THE best new books (I mean the ones I have read) is a shuddering murder mystery entitled *A Pinch of Poison.*"
—Walter Winchell

"THAT ENTERTAINING threesome, Pam and Jerry North and Lieutenant Bill Weigand, are loose again with Grade A results. A liberal education in toxicology, detectivism of the first order of merit, amusing conversation with just the right mixture of plot interest and a pleasant fillip of love's old sweet song."
N.Y. Herald Tribune 'Books'

2nd Printing! $2.

STOKES

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his own. What matters is what he himself has written in "Thanks":

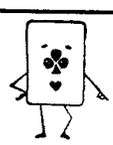
The metal heats, the flesh grows numb again
And I can still go muttering down the street
Not seeing the interminable world
Nor the ape-faces, only the live coal

—which is, after all, the writer's one permanent reward. That and the skill that was fought for and hard-won, that burns in the hand now, and can reveal the vision.

SCRAMBLED IMPRESSIONS AT MAYO CLINIC, by Lucia J. Edmondson. Human, touchingly mellow, and tenderly understanding impressions of the patients at one of the modern wonders of the world. A handsome, attractively printed and bound book. $1.25

ARGUS BOOKS
16 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago Illinois

MIX-QUIZ



A new method of learning while you play a fascinating game, based on a principle which enables you to absorb information with astonishing ease.

Each game consists of from 32 to 48 beautifully colored picture cards with various bits of information on the back. You cannot make a move unless you know the required information. *May be played as solitaire or with others.*

IN BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOXES

ASSORTMENT No. 1—FOUR GAMES—FOR $1.00 POSTPAID
GAME OF DOGS — GAME OF VOCABULARY
GAME OF EXPLORERS — GAME OF CITIES

ASSORTMENT No. 2—FOUR GAMES—FOR $1.00 POSTPAID
GAME OF PRESIDENTS — GAME OF STATES
GAME OF FLOWERS — ERRORS-IN-ENGLISH GAME

RODALE PRESS, Dept. SR10, Emmaus, Pa.

X-WORD DICTIONARY

Saves hours in finding elusive and difficult words. Specially designed for crossword puzzle workers. Arranged by number of letters in the word, as well as by classifications such as plants, animals, mythology, etc. $1 Post Paid

RODALE PRESS Dept. SR14 EMMAUS, PA.

LEARN SPANISH BY PLAYING CARDS

Sensational new method. Guaranteed to teach or money back. Educate yourself alone, or your friends, playing this thoroughly enjoyable "Spanish Course" card game. Practical, quickly grasped, easily remembered. Clothbound textbook and 4 decks of cards. ONLY $2.00 POST PAID

RODALE PRESS Dept. SR12 Emmaus, Pa.

Bolivar

A funny monkey any child will love!

His extra-long tail was a jungle joke—until the exciting day he found a new use for it . . . Story and colored pictures by *Reg Bankart.*
($1.00, Smith & Durrell)

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

YOUNG MUSIC TEACHER, socially isolated in a small town, invites male correspondence. Box 678-E.

LIVE IN NEW YORK THIS WINTER. Room $7.00 a week. 50 Morningside Drive, corner West 115th Street, apartment 22. Near Columbia University, subways, buses. Expert advice on what to see.

QUEEN VICTORIA CURBED—Empire at its best—New England sincere and charming—Modern, clean and warm. Let me help you give your house, apartment, flat or room a new look. Box 750-E.

RESEARCH. Nevada subjects. Local color, history, customs, etc. Reasonable. NEVADA RESEARCH SERVICE, Box 1207-A, Reno.

PINE CABIN BRITTLE: A home made pecan candy of choicest ingredients, $1.25 a pound postpaid. Phoebe Peabody, Marine-on-St. Croix, Minnesota. (Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.)

BELLE FEMME, desires correspondence with interesting person. Box 677-E.

BEAUTIFUL FRONT ROOM adjourning bath, dressingroom, fine closets, at moderate rental to mature woman who prefers quiet house to ultra-smartness. Box 673-E.

WHY PAY for snooty labels, since Miss Goodman sells the same lovely dresses and coats (mostly original models) way below market? 474 Seventh (36th Street), LAckawanna 4-4013.

COMMERCANT serieux, vingt annees d'experience banque, grains alimentation, cherche situation dans maison serieuse; experience americaine, references. BOX STX.

"GREEN SHADOWS INN," Lyme, Connecticut. Open all year.

GEORGIA PLANTATIONS BASKETS packed and overflowing with delectable foods. Splendid Christmas present. Write for particulars. The Little House, 107 East Gordon Street, Savannah, Georgia.

HAVE YOU GOT FUN? If not, get **Fun With Phony Spelling** by John T. Gause, and you'll get fun (it's a game) plus interesting ideas helpful in your speaking and writing. Price but 30 cents. Address, The House of Little Books, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

IS IT POSSIBLE?—Young man—24 seasons young—desiring spot where he can keep his hands in harmony with head. Has wish to continue writing; also, practical expansion of his present versatility in plumbing, carpentry, painting, electrical, dairying, horticultural, cooking, and household keeping tasks with independence of carrying on such. Subject to unfrequent calls or departures. Remuneration for service left to receiver—longing for genial and harmonious relationship. A six-footer of tolerable appearance. Either sex, of any race, in any clime may answer. John Alden, P. O. Box 154, Williamstown, Massachusetts.

A FINE HOTEL on Mountain Top, HOTEL DELAWARE WATER GAP, Del Water Gap, Pennsylvania. IDEAL FOR SNAPSHOTS, request literature SR—W. J. Tope, owner-manager.

ONE DOLLAR will give two (2) children in the poverty-stricken areas of the southern mountains each a toy, a bag of hard candies, a toothbrush, a cake of soap, and a handkerchief. Linda.

PERSONALS

GENIAL YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN invites zestful masculine correspondence. Box 672-E.

CHAPBOOK OF VERSE by Ralph Hodgson, care of Boerner Printing Co., Ohio, 25 cents postpaid, hand-coloured 50 cents.

FOR RENT at 85 dollars, unfurnished newly-decorated apartment, 2 bedrooms, livingroom with fireplace, bath and small kitchen—new stove and refrigerator. Apply Miss Diehl, 455 East 51 Street, New York.

THE BOOKHANDLING SEMINARS offer **Winter Study Plans,** by Post. Technique of Rare Book Collecting, Bibliography, etc. Circulars. Katharine Lord, Nantucket Island, Massachusetts.

COMFORT, privacy, special diet, tray service in Southern California home. Diabetic preferred. Doctor's references. Mrs. Vesta Castleman, 1089 North Chester Ave., Pasadena.

WILL SELL: Altered version (happy ending) Kipling's LIGHT THAT FAILED. Box 674-E.

GHOSTWRITING. All kinds. Frankel, 3623 Dickens, Chicago.

SITUATION WANTED. Companion; refined, (references) to lady wintering in Bermuda. Box 675-E.

QUIET, old, Virginia village. Bedroom and bath, adjoining sitting room and porch. Southern exposure. Open fires. Twelve-fifty weekly. Reservations necessary. Address, Miss Louise Kasey, Halifax, Virginia.

SOLDIER, dilettante, would welcome diverting feminine correspondence. Box 676-E.

YOUNG LADY seeks correspondence with refined young Catholic man. Box 679-E.

NEPHEW OF UNCLE SAM in one of the outposts would like mail from mainland girls. WG.

TO RETAIN YOUR SANITY stop reading newspapers, listening radio, going movies. Read Charles Fort. Box 450-E.

CALIFORNIA PERSIMMONS. For holiday decorations, gifts, salads, desserts, 6 lbs. luscious large ones, $1.00. Express prepaid until Christmas. Recipes. A. J. Haverland Ranch, Route 1, Santa Barbara, California.

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU IN PERSONALS? Box MHS.

YOUR HANDWRITING may not "reveal all," but does offer valuable clues to self-knowledge, harmonious relationships. Send specimen and dollar for your Self-Survey. Marjorie Cooper, Box 15-AD.

BUSINESS MAN, travelled and cultivated, will be representative to firm desiring background knowledge of Spanish, French or German, N. Y. driver's license, varied experience in sales, export, insurance. Box 7A.

PARENTS AND OTHERS with a school problem will find the "School & Colleges" Section of the current issue of Harpers Magazine a real help. Our School Bureau will gladly aid you to locate that school or college you seek. Address School Bureau, Harpers Magazine, 49 E. 33rd St., New York City.

CLAUSTROPHOBES and all mainlanders of literary persuasion will enjoy Manhattan Island at and from Hotel Standish Hall which is ideally placed adjacent to Central Park and overlooks the spacious grounds of the American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a midtown caravansary, and the atmosphere is one of comfort and content. Quiet nights conducive of rest and cheerful sunlit days distinguish its hospitality. Accommodations for short or long incumbency. Flexible accommodations; one room $62.50 per month (yearly rate); two rooms $100 per month; furnished suites—parlor, bedroom, bath and pantry or kitchenette—from $125 to $150 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. Walter J. Weaver, resident manager for reservations. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81 St., New York City.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Rare books. Old books. New Books. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books only are sold exclusively. Over 500,000 in stock. Every French publisher. Mail order catalogue. 20c.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINES SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, Literary Agent. Books, short stories, article and verse criticized and marketed. Editing and typing. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

SALES * REVISION * SALES to book and magazine publishers. Fifteen years with Houghton Mifflin and Atlantic Monthly. Mary R. Walsh, 6 Park, Boston, Mass.

CATHERINE WILSON—RESEARCH SERVICE. Manuscripts typed—corrected. References. 152½ South Clark Drive, Los Angeles, California.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED. Expert work. E. B. Peterman, Box 7243, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

MARY DOUGLAS, LITERARY ADVISER. Criticism, revision, ghost writing. Stories, novels, articles, theses, books. Wide experience. 610 West 114th Street, New York.

BOOKPLATES

ROCKWELL KENT'S MAGNIFICENT DESIGNS. Request Samples. Greenland Press, 711 Penn Avenue—Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Bookplaters. Yellow Springs, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. All subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE. Dept. No. 400, 117 West 48th Street, New York, Telephone BRyant 9-5214.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS, in or out of print. IF IT'S A BOOK WE MAY HAVE IT. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St. OLDEST OLD BOOK SHOP IN NEW YORK.

RARE BOOKS

IF YOU CAN SPARE TWENTY DOLLARS, there are just seven sets left of the Rockwell Kent edition of the Memoirs of Jacques Cassanova. The money you pay for those sets goes to the Artists Refugees. If interested, send your money to Dr. Robert L. Leslie, 130 West 46th, New York City.

FIRST EDITIONS, MODERN AMERICAN AUTHORS. Fine books. Catalogues issued. Philip S. Duschnes, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Double-Crostics: No. 399

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

								1-M	2-C	3-Q		4-W	5-J	6-C	7-M	8-Q
9-G	10-B		11-F	12-C	13-H	14-G		15-O	16-N	17-I	18-Y	19-A	20-D	21-F	22-H	23-Q
	24-G	25-O	26-J	27-F	28-C	29-Q	30-M		31-C	32-R		33-Y	34-T	35-X		36-M
37-W	38-Y	39-Q		40-X	41-V	42-A	43-I	44-R	45-G	46-C		47-N	48-C	49-S	50-J	51-E
52-Q	53-O	54-G	55-W	56-R		57-U	58-L	59-D	60-P	61-R		62-X	63-N	64-J	65-Y	66-U
67-Q		68-F	69-P		70-H	71-B	72-P		73-Y	74-G	75-S	76-I	77-M	78-N	79-E	80-W
	81-R	82-M	83-S	84-W	85-E	86-N	87-C	88-U	89-H	90-J	91-I		92-H	93-B	94-A	
95-Y	96-G	97-O	98-W		99-H	100-K		101-A	102-D	103-K	104-V	105-B		106-V	107-K	108-X
109-R		110-R	111-G	112-S	113-V	114-U	115-J	116-X		117-I		118-K	119-I	120-L	121-E	122-V
123-U		124-A	125-N	126-X	127-T	128-Q		129-R	130-L	131-B	132-P		133-L	134-E	135-C	136-I
137-T	138-R	139-C		140-D		141-L	142-P	143-U	144-Q	145-N	146-O		147-I	148-P		149-K
150-D	151-J	152-S	153-Q	154-U		155-F	156-K	157-P	158-W	159-H		160-F	161-A		162-B	163-J
164-A		165-F	166-D	167-A		168-L	169-V	170-T	171-E		172-C	173-H	174-B		175-I	176-B
177-V		178-L	179-C	180-Q	181-A	182-G	183-Y	184-S								

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 13 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A large letter, capital or uncial.
B. Jewish liturgical poems exhorting to obedience to religious commandments.
C. To give forth a great volume of noise (slang; 3 wds.)
D. A low caste in the Punjab devoted to agriculture.
E. Small wig or patch of false hair to cover bald spot.
F. Large island in Puget Sound, Washington State.
G. Defamatory.
H. Fitness, suitability.
I. An Indian of one of the chief tribes of the Caddo Confederacy.
J. With the Visayans most numerous of natives in the Philippines.
K. Manufacturing city of Michigan.
L. A raid or foray (Anglo-Indian).
M. To become callous like bone.
N. Musses, creases.
O. City in which Joan of Arc was burned.
P. Denoting a dampening effect of tone in playing the harp, etc. (Fr.)
Q. Bo-peep's vocation.
R. To achieve a trick or strategem at another's expense (slang; 2 wds.)
S. A cooked egg-concoction.
T. *Hills* of Assam and Burma.
U. The genius of sleep (folklore).
V. One of the Gorgons.
W. The sort of song an *Epithalamium* is.
X. Took a bath (colloq.)
Y. The sitting of a court, council or convention.

WORDS

19 101 124 167 181 42 94 164 161
131 10 71 162 174 93 105 176
135 6 87 139 46 31 48 2 179 12 28 172
59 140 20 102 166 150
171 85 121 51 134 79
155 27 68 11 160 21 165
24 45 74 96 54 14 9 111 182
99 159 173 22 13 89 70 92
91 43 17 136 117 175 147 76 119
26 64 5 151 163 90 115 50
156 149 107 100 118 103
141 130 58 133 178 120 168
82 30 7 77 36 1
63 125 78 47 145 16 86
15 53 25 146 97
72 132 142 157 148 69 60
8 39 180 144 52 128 29 23 153 67 3
138 44 129 110 81 109 32 61 56
49 83 75 152 112 184
170 137 127 34
123 143 154 88 57 114 66
177 104 113 106 169 122 41
80 55 84 98 37 4 158
35 108 40 62 116 126
38 33 73 95 65 18 183

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE WINDS

BOOK catalogues of old and rare editions are journals of wisdom. The scholarship and amazing research going into many of these booklets are of inestimable help to the librarian and book collector. It seems to us that not enough credit is given to the cataloguer for the accuracy of his speculations in recording when and why a certain item first saw the black of hand-set type or linotype. They are detectives with the unerring skill of a Holmes or a Dupin. They are graphologists. Each press, each font of type, each texture of paper, each style of type—all have to them the indelible singleness of a fingerprint.

☞We note with pleasure the receipt of two catalogues: one from The Rosenbach Company; the other from Frank Hollings of London. The bespectacled Rosenbach is one of the leading dealers in rare books in America. The issuance of his new catalogue, "English Poetry to 1700" is the most comprehensive we have seen. All the famous poets from Chaucer to Prior are represented either in manuscript form or in rare editions. A first folio of Shakespeare is listed for $60,000. For the scholar, these manuscripts are of paramount literary and critical interest, and afford a wealth of unpublished source material.

☞The Frank Hollings imprint is of less importance, but one or two of the items should prove of interest to the collector of "Lewis Carroll" material. We find a superb letter by Dodgson on behalf of the author of "Alice," in which he gives an amusing pen portrait. This letter reads in part:

> . . . a friend of mine, Mr. Lewis Carroll, who is a queer sort of creature rather too fond of talking nonsense. He told me you had once asked him to write another book like the one you had read—I forget the name—I think it was about "malice."

Written in 1867, this letter is purchasable, the dealer informs us, for the modest sum of $75.

★ ★

☞Stewart Robb, whose book "Nostradamus on Napoleon, Hitler and the Present Crisis" offers point-by-point evidence that the quatrains of Nostradamus are authentic prophecies, not lucky "stabs in the dark," checked his findings with experts in the fields of mathematics and history. Professor Siceloff of the Mathematics Department of Columbia University worked out the mathematical possibility of Nostradamus's "guessing" the following "dated" prophesy:

> "The year 1727 in October,
> The king of Persia will be taken by those of Egypt."

☞The odds against Nostradamus's predicting this event correctly—as he did—were according to Professor Siceloff, more than eleven million to one.

☞Isabella Athey, formerly editorial assistant with the *SRL* is now with the L. B. Fischer Publishing Corporation. Her place on the *Review* is being taken by Veronica Jennings.

★ ★

☞The first book to be completed in this country by Dr. Serge Voronoff, the discoverer of the process of human rejuvenation by the transplantation of monkey glands, will be published by Alliance Book Corporation soon. Its title is "From Cretin to Genius," a new and popular analysis of mind and matter.

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

JUST PUBLISHED—*THE BEST*

MIGNON EBERHART

MYSTERY NOVEL

With this Ring

➡ New Orleans and the sinister bayou country are the unusual background for a four-star murder mystery. With consummate skill, Mrs. Eberhart proves that the interplay of character and human emotion are just as important in a good story as the mystery itself. $2.00

A RANDOM HOUSE MYSTERY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED